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Manolia at Tallulah Falls.

THE GEORGIA BEQUEST.

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MANOLIA;

OR,

THE VALE OF TALLULAH.

BY A

GEORGIA HUNTSMAN.



AUGUSTA:  
McKINNE & HALL,  
1854.



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## DEDICATION.

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WHENEVER the public is addressed, either by speech, lecture, or through the press; the first and highest object to be attained is, to induce thought and investigation; and, if we are to fall short of its accomplishment, the effort had better not have been undertaken; information may even be imparted, at times, (which is always desirable,) in so prosaic a style, as to fail in accomplishing the main desideratum. This effort has been undertaken from the solicitations of the wife of my bosom, and the mother of my offspring, and if the effusion, (written as hastily as an epistle,) has any claim to merit, *she* has elicited it; and to *her*, we dedicate it; we, therefore, sow to the winds, and we leave it to the reader to gather, whether of tares or of good grain.

THE AUTHOR.

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# MANOLIA;

OR,

## THE VALE OF TALLULAH.

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### CHAPTER I.

FROM that eventful period, when our first parents were expelled from the garden of Eden, to the present time, their offspring have ever manifested an eagerness after something not attainable; and, when the hopes entertained at one period of our existence are realized, new thirsts are created, and higher hopes, and more exalted aspirations excited, until, in the vale of life, if success and triumph should attend our journeyings; it would then, even, be with us, as it was with the eastern conqueror, overwhelmed with grief for new theatres, upon which to push his conquests. This characteristic is stamped upon every condition and pursuit of life.

The affluent, living in a metropolis, luxuriating every day upon the bounties of every clime which the physical appetite craves, and banqueting upon the exhilarating drinks of the islands, and the intellectual thirstings overwhelmed amidst "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul;" and continually surrounded by a "concord of sweet sounds," surpassing even Wirt's description, as having been cherished on the beautiful island in the Ohio. All, all these, with the luxuries of the nobleman's parlor, we are made to renounce; for after a time they all clog, and we involuntarily turn from the conventional observances of fashionable depravity, as realized among the excessive autocratic planters! the busy marts of commerce! the political arena of hirelings—vampires feeding upon government patronage, with their constructive salaries! The Adelphi of secret conclaves, with their hebdomadal and mensiversary banquetings, which, with their five secret signs of recognition, constituting their badge of secrecy! their puerilities only adapted, in republic America, to boys or young collegians, in which to cultivate lasting ties of friendship and reminiscences; but in the despotic governments of the old world, where they were instituted, they serve to plot treasons, and evade the vigilance of the rapacious authorities. We would here take occasion to refer to the

K. A. Soc. of C. C., as a striking exception to our remarks of censure, being pre-eminently adapted to the cultivation of the social and mental susceptibilities.

Even the more rational acquisitions, attainable only in the laboratory and lecture room, are all renounced; and our eyes and affections, with telegraphic despatch, stop nowhere short of the "freeman's stronghold," "nature's bulwarks," the "juvenescent founts," the exhilarating, elasticity-imparting atmosphere; the deep, green valleys, scoloped by the silvery, dashing, headlong ocean-bound torrents, and the far-away blue acclivities of a thousand summits, presented at one view, rising one above the other, in one direction, with the ocean view in another direction, stretching far away, illimitable in extent, as viewed from Rockcliff's summit, at the junction of the Tallulah and Chatooga rivers at the head of the Tugalo.\*

\* Why termed ocean view? At times the optical delusion is so complete, that involuntarily we cast our eyes over the vast expanse of water—as we suppose it to be—resembling some beautiful lake or inland sea, in search of some craft that may be borne upon its billows;—and the first time we witnessed this unrivalled delusion, afar off, in the direction of the Atlantic, we beheld a black volume of smoke, curling upwards, with the forced rapidity and blackness, so characteristic of an ocean steamer.

Ah! methinks the involuntary exclamation from every tongue would be: to the mountains! to the mountains we must go. Ah! Yes; only in their midst can we be fitted for degrees more honorable and magnifying than the most stable ever confessed by the schools of literature and science.

Impressed by these sensible truths, was the ever-to-be-venerated Theophilus Neopold, whose wisdom and versatility of acquirements ever banished loneliness from his presence. Some of the fastidious, possessing no resources within themselves, charged him with being a recluse; wanting in the elements to appreciate society; not so, however; having drank deep at the founts of the two favorite literary institutions of the two empire states, north and south, Union and Franklin colleges, he constituted the most philosophical society wherever he went, with his library, accompanied by his charming wife and inimitable daughter, whose charms and symmetrical proportions of mind and body, contributed in no small degree in elevating the father to the high order of dignity which he was possessed of by nature. An individual may, in early life, be the claimant of what the world calls "finished," both in acquirements and address; but after all of what may be obtained from the schools; and, after association in the world's midst, an additional lustre may yet be acquired;

and it will ever tell, even to the less intelligent portion of the world.

The parents, in harmonious unison, sought repose, and mutually grew sick of the gorgeous pageantry of every department of life which we have already made allusion to. They had heard of "Terrosa's wilds," so called by the aborigines, meaning *the terrible*; and it was to this wild, solitary region of country they directed their journey, in search of nature's premium exhibition; and here it was that they found it.

We read much of the imposing grandeur of Egypt's pyramids: Pompeii's columns; the tunnels of England and America; the "cloud-capped" towers of St. Peter's and St. Paul's; but Tallulah's excavation is the crowning work of nature's giant workman, which, when viewed, thrills our blood, and magnifies the most exalted conceptions that may have ever been engendered from all other teachings of the great "I Am." O, God! may Paradise lost be eventually regained, that thy children may be elevated to thy kingdom for once, to behold, and to have revealed unto them the elements used, and the machinery with which thou hast fashioned, and wrought out thy wonderful mechanism.

Archimedes, the boast of the world's mechanics, asked but for a resting-place to fix the pivot of

his lever, and he would throw the world, and all therein, out of its orbit. It might be answered: the stable sun! the fixed stars! and those planets, more massive than our own beloved earth, have been furnished! Then, I suppose, the philosopher's lever is too short. Let him be furnished with one fully commensurate in length and strength to the enterprise, and behold how soon, after he has planted it upon its fulcrum, the rotund motion of our ponderous globe, obeying his Maker's laws—has knocked into the world of imponderables, with its mighty force, "Old Hark Ye Maids," together with all of his wire-pullers, and lever-workers, fixtures, and appliances. Feeble man! how strange that thy "ipse dixits" should have made so many proselytes.

## CHAPTER II.

THE father of our heroine, upon reaching the point he had sought, located his wife and daughter in the vicinity, and went himself on foot in search of a pioneer; many of whom had emigrated to this country before the Indians had left for their western home, and were supposed to be as familiar with all of the wilds and hidden recesses, as the Indians were; the latter having mostly emigrated after ratifying a treaty of their territory to the state, moving far away to the west, beyond the "father of waters," as they termed the Mississippi river; but some few of the more patriotic of the tribe still lingered in the deep gorges on the streams of their fatherland, refusing to alienate their affections; for they are known to be the most irreconcilable of all other people on the face of the globe, in becoming dispossessed of their accustomed hunting grounds.

In Neopold's search for a white man pioneer, he fell in with old Oothlacoohy, the sworn enemy of the white man. He wanted but a sufficient force to have waged an eternal exterminating war with the whites! but his philosophy forced him into

the humiliating conviction, that "discretion was the better part of valor," and he reluctantly submitted to what he considered a humiliating degradation, which has been the destiny of *his*, as well as every other tribe of our Indians. The whites had already so destroyed and run off the game with their hounds, that the Indian, after his mode of still-hunting, could not gain his subsistence, and but for the unknown valley of Tallulah, old Oothlacoochy would have, long ere this, followed his tribe.

He had so long a time traded his game, and "varmant"\* skins, as he called them, that he became familiar with the English language, and learned to speak it very intelligibly; and had acquired some knowledge of the habits of the whites. While wandering in the woods in search of game, with old "sugar-lip" on his shoulder, (this is the term he had given to his old rifle,) he perceived a venerable white man, unlike a hunter of the mountains, in his deportment and attire. The opportunity, he thought, was a favorable one for his revenge, which he had long nurtured against the whites; but upon a closer scrutiny, (for he was a very Lavator,) he detected something

\* Varmant is used as it was by Davy Crockett and most of the pioneer hunters; a significant term. Vermin applied more generally to insects.

in the man that denoted nobler game than often crossed his path; for in the day of which we speak, Georgians were not all fillibusters; some few of the noble works of God were to be found, and the scrutinizing intelligence of the savage mind, in this instance, was as quick as his vision, which is so proverbial.

Neopold sought not preferment, nor was he the less honorable for not having attained it, according to its acceptation. The world had it not in its power to impose an office that would have been acceptable; and there were none, to whom it was conceded, who occupied a place between himself and his God, excepting a Washington, and *he*, not because of the honors heaped upon him, but because he dignified them all, and aspired to none higher. Reader! do you charge such a spirit with being imbued with the feeling of aristocracy? We know not the meaning of the term, if a man's own dignity and elevation, "*per se*," (and at the same time conceding to every other man the same inherent privileges,) a consciousness in the security of being one of the noblest works of God, in the rectitude of integrity. Such an one looks upon the mere claimant of position, in no degree exciting ambition's repose; though an emperor wearing a third-handed coat

of the once humble Corsican Uncle.\* Wherever the feeling of aristocracy is found, a superciliousness to the mere mockery of greatness, is an inevitable concomitant. The sterling American would rather do honor to the high-souled, independent woodsman, claiming none other than his rifle upon his shoulder, ever ready to maintain his country's integrity, than those, though their name be legion, ever clamorous for office, without coming up to the full measurement of the standard, which will ever impart a dignity to the position they seek to fill.

There were others of Neopold's school in Georgia, but of not sufficient force to overcome the predatory tendency of the masses. Georgia can still boast of the offspring which bears the stamp of their noble conservative ancestors, as we have seen reflected in Congress from the seventh and eighth districts, for several years past, the latter now removed to the other department of legislation. We use the term conservative, as approbatory, knowing full well that it is a term much derided by disunionists and demagogues; but a Christian, law-abiding patriot, cannot be otherwise than conservative. We do not write to

\* The humble condition of the first Napoleon was such, that he and a brother were constrained, either the one or the other, to remain at home for the want of two coats.

administer to every taste, probably adapted to no others but ourselves; we therefore, without fear; challenge the anathemas of the "higher law whigs," a set of politicians so scrupulous of honor, that they have taken a position high above constitutions and compacts, looking to a higher source for inspirations, something after the manner of the spiritual rappers; or the demagoguish democrats, so scrupulous of the honor of others, that they would hold them chained, hand and foot, bound over to "masterly inaction," for fear they might violate their pledged faith; esteeming others as being too scrupulous of a high sense of honor, to act at all; apprehending they might make shipwreck of constitutions, and solemn compacts! and that, therefore, *they*, themselves, being of a different school; perchance, the progressives—manifest destiny, or Young America; among whom, the mere mockery of subterfuges, is a sufficient justification of their own movements. As to the lachrymal sympathisers of "black suffering humanity," we would bear a little longer for, if instigated from honest intent. So soon as the first paroxysm of their grief shall have passed away, and the relief of tears be afforded, we may apprehend a general loosening of their purse-strings, and an aid and comfort of more "sol-

darity" be afforded, that will accomplish something towards their emancipation; thereby make restitution for their past misdeeds, in having entailed the ignominious black servitude upon the south.

## CHAPTER III.

THE press has become so prolific, and books so multiplied, and the world has become too much of the progressive, headlong, hurry-bustle, impatient tendency, to stop long enough to undertake the reading of many pages. We are, as our "liege lord" President would say, "so much of a nation of sovereigns," (every man entitled to marry into a royal family, I suppose he means, and, by-the-by, some of us can boast of something even better than that in the way of wives,) we have become, latterly, the very "peers of Presidents and Secretaries," and the presidency of the United States has for a long time stood "without a peer;" and this serves for my illustration. Each one choosing to become his own compositor—not even going so far as the proof sheet. But, while hurrying away with the speed of the wings of the lightning, we compose, and take it as we would "a hasty plate of soup."

But, in soberness, to please the public taste, would require a versatility of talent, only to be found in a condensation of all the "scribendi pro bono publico." Shakspeare, with his muscular

originalities, which will ever stand the test of time, which the teachers of belles-lettres have fixed as the standard of taste! the civilization of Walter Scott! the spent genius of Bulwer! the chaste pretties of James! the dashing desperado conclusions of Eugene Sue! all, with Wirt's beauties, and Wilton's sublime! Campbell's grandiloquent, and many others sprinkled in for seasoning; all to be thrown into the crucible, seven times over, until the conglomeration is thoroughly refined, concentrated, and purified of all dross. We need not expect anything very short of such a work to attract a general reading, and escape severe criticism. Our likes and dislikes are strewed so indiscriminately, and in so unfinished, unstudied a style, that we apprehend no quarters will be shown unto us; but our object is more the elevation of a portion of mankind, than the pulling down or depression of any one.

We said the old chieftain could speak intelligibly, and that is about what is commonly done by the majority of us; for the orthography and the etymology of the different schools of rival standing, are so variant, that our language is sadly in want of systematizing, by getting up an annual convention of teachers from every section. Our pronunciation is becoming so discordant, that, unless something is done, the day is not far distant

when it will be numbered among the dead languages of antiquity.

The progress of the age in systematizing, and "moving according to Gunter," characterizes every field, excepting that of language; (and politics, I might add;) ours is becoming a babel.

The old Indian was toating his rifle upon his shoulder, (not carrying on a horse, as is sometimes done,) he had no horse, for he was too poor; but thought he needed one to carry him away to the west to join his tribe. This want being ascertained, proved him to be the very individual the searcher for happiness wanted most to stumble upon. "Humph!" grunted Oothlacoochy, by way of attracting Neopold, who, not being accustomed to the rude, uncivilized salutation, jerked up a sudden, somewhat confused, halt; which being perceived by the savage, who mildly spoke, "Wanderer, lost, I suppose?" "Not exactly; but still I know not whither I am going, unless you be the individual whom I am in search of."

"Eh!" replied the Indian. "I took you for a different man, than one of your pale-faced, hungry devils, ready to feed away every Cherokee to your children, rather than not get rid of them at all. If I had at first, in this unfrequented spot, taken you for one of such, you probably would have been worse startled than you were; for the crack,

of unerring *sugar-lip* would have been my first message."

"Your first decision was the most correct. Now come, let us counsel as friends; if you are red and I white," replied Neopold.

"Well, then," replied Oothlacoochy, "if you are honest in being the fast friend, and the red man's counsellor, let us draw off to yonder massy rock, which juts over that foaming river, and we may be alike amused in watching the whirls of the speckled mountain trout, which I expect you have never seen in your marshy lowlands; for I take you to be from that country, where my father told me at noon we had no shadow."

After seating themselves upon the huntsman's ottoman, Neopold said: "Sir, I have been raised, as you seem very reasonably to suppose, in civilization, or, in the midst of society; but have long since envied many of the pleasures that are incident to the savage life. This luxurious feast which I now behold all around me, and overhead, so canopied over with the tulip tree, spruce, and others of equal beauty, indigenous to your mountains."

Oothlacoochy was an educated man, and had been a constant reader of the *Cherokee Sentinel*, a paper published in the Cherokee language, therefore, he was not incapable of appreciating sentiment, but Neopold continued:

“Notwithstanding I set such a high appreciation upon this prodigality of nature’s luxuriance in yonder granite pile; and of this evening twilight which reigns underneath, even when the sun is in his meridian watches; and these foaming torrents, whitened over constantly like your winter snow drifts—with such scenes, so constantly presented, you huntsmen, climbing those laborious steeps, can never become fatigued, or overheated.”

“Ah!” replied the savage, “you must get your long shooting-iron, such an one as that leaning on the rock by your side, and try it with us. Imagination, it is true, has much to do in bringing home to us comforts and repose; but, sir, let me tell you, the *sight* and *reality* of snow cannot stop the oozing of sweat from a man’s body, if you were to get into the contest I did once; just up on that bluff. I shot a large, seven-snagged buck, and just creased him, as we hunters term it—he fell—I walked up, (laying aside old sugarlip,) and with my knife in hand, took hold of his horns; he immediately sprang up, with the strength of an unhurt deer, and then commenced the tug of war for about a half hour. Self-preservation, as you reading men have it, is the first law of nature; yet you deny the boon to us poor men of nature, and we can’t help ourselves, or we would, as I did in my struggle with the buck.

If had given up and let loose, he would have killed me; but I held on, and worked him along by giving way in the direction of the steep; and with one desperate plunge, carried him, and I along with him, over the precipice, and down into that boiling chasm; and, being equal to a beaver in water, almost as good under as out, I soon got the advantage. The water, certainly, on that occasion, had a telling effect on my sinking strength; but it was not the imagination upon seeing the foaming waters, but its bracing, cooling effect upon my exhausted muscles. I soon succeeded in drowning him, and swam to yon sand-beach below. But, sir, I interrupted you, excuse me, for we all delight to dwell upon themes befitting our taste."

"Well, Oothlacoochy, for I take that to be your name, whom I have heard so much of."

"You have not mistaken the man," replied the savage, with a fiend-like scowl; for his notoriety, alluded to by Neopold, brought to memory the much talk among the whites, of deeds of darkness and bloody dramas, that were laid at his door. Neopold resumed:

"I am in search of a mountain home; *one* of the greatest seclusion known in your wilds."

"Well, sir, your star has led you to the proper place; and you are no less lucky in finding your man, if I can make it serve my purposes.

There lives a pale-face dog that old *shoog*\* has, for a long time, had a keen appetite for, and nothing but his blood will ever satiate our thirst; but the terrible hole her bullet cuts is too well known to be mistaken, or some of these mountains would be richer than you see 'em."

"Come, come," said Neopold, "throw aside such inexorable revenge, if they are inherent in your bosom, and let us become associates."

"But ah!" replied the savage, "let this deed be done, and then I promise; sir, understand me, for what the red man has resolved on, and pledged to perform, the upheaving of these mountains can't shake him in; what I tell you to-day, is as true as yon eagle, soaring over the water on the look-out for a fish, is to return to his nest. I have the most charming spot of earth, the Great Spirit made first of all, when his hands were fresh, and his affections strong for man, whom he had so recently created, and this spot is known to no other living man, but this son of the old Oothlacoochy chief; no other has ever made foot-print on that sacred soil. When my old sire first carried me along with him, down this wild, run-mad stream, we call it Terrora, (the terrible.) When I first reached this beautiful valley, I saw the old bucks

\* Meaning his rifle, shoog for sugar.

with their branching horns, reaching up their tall heads to eat the fruit that there grew, such as man never ate out of that valley, without starting at our approach; for some of them had been there for years without ever receiving a fright; for the cliffs, enclosing this valley, were too steep for one of them ever to escape; and the only way by which they could get out, was to take the foaming river, which they were deterred from doing, having so narrowly escaped from getting dashed to pieces as they passed over the falls above, for a mile in extent, one tumble after another. This not unfrequently happened; for in all countries the deer will readily take the water, when pursued by dogs. Along this chasm, Tallulah, for a mile in extent, the steep is so great, that they can't descend to the water, but must pass around on the one side or the other, to a crossing-place above the falls; and when the stream is swollen, they fail reaching the opposite bank, until washed within the chasm, from which there is no escape, excepting to be drifted along the whirling rapids, pitching over a succession of cataracts the entire distance, finding no resting-place until they shall have reached the beautiful valley described at the foot of the succession of cataracts; here the banks are low, and fortuitously they make an escape from a watery grave. Many, I have been told,

are dashed to pieces, and their carcasses have been found away below. After so narrowly making their escape, though the deer commonly regard the rivers so little, they are ever averse to taking the water a second time after being hurled through the rapids once."

Oothlacoochy continued, "Sir, I was but a boy when the old chief took me with him to the greatest perpendicular summit on the opposite side of the river, where the jump is said to be nine hundred feet high. About one-third of the way down, there is a small platform, perpendicular above, and perpendicular below, down to the water; this platform of rock is called the Eagle's Nest, so called from the eagles having raised their young, for time immemorial, in a cavity contiguous to the platform. For the sake of adventure, or wishing to procure the eagles' feathers, for he is held in higher veneration than any other bird by the red man, as well as the white man." (In America he is everywhere known as the bird of liberty! the banner bird! the mountain bird! our nation's bird! the symbol of the free!—he holds the most conspicuous position on the coat of arms of our republic.) "To reach this, the only resting-place down the steep, our people would cut thongs of deer-skin, of sufficient length to reach from above to the platform, and by tying one end

around the body, and putting the strap once around a spruce pine near the summit, with ease one could be let down; which point, when once gained, and strange to tell, from no other point, could you get sight of this obscured little valley. I told you it was the Great Spirit's first work. Your good book, which you call God's book, I have read, and it was in that book I found out that it was the Great Spirit's first work, which he called paradise; and there, first, he planted his two first children, whom he named Adam and Eve, and for their disobedience in eating the forbidden fruit, he expelled them from the garden, ever after to obtain their living by the sweat of their brow. Now, why I know this vale, to which I allude, is the garden of which we read, is, because in this vale a matchless fruit is produced; its equal nowhere else is found—and I have not been confined, as you may suppose, to these uncultivated, rocky cliffs—I have frequented your most favored spots, where you have collected the fruits of the most favored countries of the east and south."

"From this platform of which I speak, the only point from which the vale could be seen, three of our best bloods made the fearful leap, down for hundreds of feet into the abyss of boiling water below, one of the principal cataracts pouring continually into the basin; the velocity with which

they were carried, hurled them with such force against the rocks underneath, that they were never more heard from. Their memories were held in sacred veneration by our people, and their spirits were supposed to have been the tenants of this valley, and called the Indian's Paradise. And to gain this favored land, my old father persisted in, and in the same manner as described, he let me down to the shelving rock, or platform, and then securing the strap above, he let himself down to where I stood. He then said unto me, 'Now, my son, you have been taught never to listen to the counsels of fear, and if thou hast, remember them not to-day, for thou hast to go with thy aged father to yonder lovely spot, which appeareth so plain down this stream, and which thou hast never before seen; thou art no less expert in swimming than I, for thou rememberest oft have we overtaken the swimming buck, and with each other's assistance overcome him in his strugglings, and brought him safe to shore. Our old chief, Conesanga, was the last of our blood, who made the leap which we are now about taking—and I was an eye-witness to where he struck the water; the venerable old worthy was never more heard from. We must be careful to strike in a different place; you be careful to follow me. Immediately under the fall of water, which has been pouring for ages, the

rock must be worn away by the attrition of the constant pouring of such a volume of water, and the tumbling down of rocks washed from above; and there, too, the boiling up of the water is so strong, that our fall must be, to a considerable extent, overcome, and before reaching the rocks at the bottom we can safely rise to the surface; then our safety lies in not being drawn back under the cataract, for if we are, drown we must. You hold on, until you fairly see me in yon rapid below the pool.' At the instant he concluded his instructions, he shouted, 'Fare thee well, my son, if we fail, we hereafter meet in the spirit land, prepared by the Great Spirit for his devoted people, a country forever abounding with game.' Before he was through with the exclamation, his bound was made, and he half way to the water. For a few moments he was lost to my sight underneath the angry billows, but quickly I saw him rise, and with his stalwart arms, he struggled, remaining poised against the counter current which drew him with such force towards the cataract; perceiving the much dreaded danger which he before apprehended, with a despairing struggle he lifted himself almost out of water, and gained some headway down stream; in an instant he reached the rapid which he had pointed out to me, and amidst the constant thunderings of water-

falls, I faintly heard, 'all's well!' and with an ejaculation to the Great Spirit, to take me in safety along with my venerable chief, whithersoever he might be directed, I was whirling down the dizzy height into the insatiable gulf below; I felt as if I had nearly lost my breath before reaching the water; but the shock I received from the plunge into the cold water, revived me, and being less expert in lifting myself out again, after making a deep plunge under water, my velocity carried me to a point more remote from the fall, consequently, I found less difficulty in getting under way from the suck; but a few efforts, and I gained the sluice below, and before I felt assurances of safety, the old man, in contending against the current to witness my fate, exclaimed, 'follow on, my boy, all's well! bright visions of a new-born existence lie in wait for us; we are so far triumphant; but still many dangers yet lie in our voyage.' We plied our sinews most lustily, and in a short time our goal was reached. Both of us, nearly overcome, rolled ourselves from the water's edge, upon the green grass, and stretched our weary limbs underneath a pavilion of vines, thickly hanging with clusters of rich purple. 'And here we rest,' ejaculated the old chief; and we found that rest, and with it a glorious contentment.

"This pilgrimage we oftentimes took together before he died, and which I have made alone too often to enumerate, since his death. And but for that vale, I would have joined my tribe long ere this.

"The profusion of apples and deer, I have given you some conceptions of; here we lingered for days. The finest founts of water gushed out of the mountains which encircled the valley. After ascertaining that at every point the steep was insurmountable, we had but one outlet, which we deemed practicable; that was to swim down the river to a point below the chasm, which terminated on either side in precipitous cliffs, jutting up to the water's edge, which is just above its junction with the Chatooga.

"It is this sequestered spot, incomparable on earth, to which I'll pledge myself to conduct you in safety, if you will aid me in making my escape, after my deadly hostility is appeased."

"Ah, Oothlacoochy!" replied Neopold, "thou hast offered a temptation far exceeding the one you described as having been first cultivated by the hand of God, which proved so irresistible to the first daughter of the human family; but the exorbitance of your demand is too far above my reach; for you must know that in accordance

with our laws, I must become your accessory, and held in no wise less guilty than yourself. The prize you offer, I must confess, has more attractions to me than the glitter of a jewelled diadem; but the blood of my unfortunate brother, from whom I have received no injury, would bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. The curse upon Cain would be my doom; excuse me from any participation, or cognizance of the bloody drama, which I would gladly dissuade you from; and let us go together into this vale of so much loveliness, and there live in brotherly affection the days allotted us by the Great Spirit. But tell me, Indian, hast not thou found any other means but the one described, by which we can get down into this valley; how am I to take along with me my wife and little daughter, my comforts of living, my books, and apparatus are 'sine qua nons' to my existence, in the rearing up of my Manolia, and they could not take the plunge you have described."

"Well," replied Oothlacoochy, "I think a plan suggests itself, by which means all your desired objects can be accomplished; the rapid which leads out of the valley is very great, so much so, that often have our most skillful swimmers, and paddlers of the Indian bark canoe, failed in making the ascent; but my plan is, that we ex-

cavate from one of those large tulip trees, such as grow in the valley, a large canoe, and if you can procure one of those long cable ropes, such as I have seen upon your town river banks, I can fasten it above to a strong tree on the water's edge, and by that means, I think you and I can pull the boat up the rapids."

"An excellent idea!" said Neopold, "and now, Oothlacoochy, let us enter into the solemn compact, and you shall be rewarded with a hundred fold more intrinsically, than the price you have set. I will go to work and procure the fixtures."

"Fail not," said the Indian, "to procure all the necessaries the world affords to produce, and work out the comforts you wish secured. The valley is rich in fruits, and its soil productive, from which means of living can be obtained without employing the one-half of my time. Pheasants, &c., so abound that a supply of meat will always be at hand. If you should want at any time to leave the valley to procure needful articles for your family, I can let you down the rapid in the canoe, and draw it back until the time appointed for your return."

They mutually arose to make preparation for the consummation at the proposed scheme. Neopold retraced his steps to the lodgings, where he had left his family; he could but be amazed at

the wonderful degree of cultivation the old Indian manifested, infinitely surpassing the acquirements of many of our white citizens who claim the right of suffrage; and the same privilege withheld from the more enlightened Indian. Ye abolitionists! where are your sympathies? the ebony is your idol. This led to the following reflections. Neopold was not ignorant of the history of the times, in fact his accomplishments were various; posted up in politics, and possessed of a fluency of speech that would have shone forth pre-eminently in the halls of our congress, or in any other deliberative body on the face of the earth. Neopold thus soliloquised: "Since it has become a conceded point, that first to establish a pure, harmoniously-working republican form of government, and then to maintain it, wisdom and morality are essentially necessary to be inculcated among its citizens; if so, what an error our prominent men are committing in the expending, we know not how much, in apeing the mockery of Egyptian antiquity. How mortifying it is, that our Washington should not have inspired even demagogues to a more lofty exhibition of veneration.

"The conception of doing such a patriot honour, should have been of substantial utility; something or other, which, for ages to come, the attri-

tion of water, the crumbling effects of the winter's frost, and the action of electricity, all combined, could never have moulded away; and how is it possible, that a pile of rocks can contribute in any manner to enlarge his influence, in the maintenance of our institutions, which he contributed in so eminent a degree to perfect, and manifested such solicitude to have perpetuated. If inscribing his name mountain high, for thousands of feet above the level of the ocean, could contribute to the perpetuation of his influence in maintaining our institutions, then let it be inscribed upon the capstone, (with a pen of steel) of our rock mountain of Decalb. I venture to affirm, that the Washington Monument Committee will not, in a generation to come, collect funds sufficient to rival its magnificent grandeur. This can be done without cost; and then let there be ingatherings of gold from California and Australia; let your fund be ever so great; and establish a something of intrinsic worth, which will be calculated to exalt the patriot, and alike perpetuate our glorious republican institutions, by disseminating useful and abiding knowledge and morals among America's freemen. Let this pyerian fount be called the Washington Institute. And let its primary object be to systematize learning in our schools, by educating a proportionate number from each state, to

fulfill the place of teachers. What a national glory we would have obtained ; and this would be Georgia's bequest to Washington's nation of sovereigns, the asylum of the oppressed, and the home of the brave, "esto perpetuæ." Great God of nations send down, and all over our land, the mountain blast, charged with the intellectual, sustaining influences, that our capacity may be enlarged to meet the emergencies that are spread before us ; that the exalted destiny as portrayed in the teachings and eloquence of a lamented Daniel Webster, may be yet cherished and realized by the republic ; let the triumphs of reason and soberness, which ever characterized his statesmanship, forever culminate in the ascendant.

"Could the spirit of our departed hero and patriot be invoked—his noble spirit, that disdained walking upon a carpet, which was spread upon the beach, where the vessel landed him, in one of our seaports—he would in like manner disdain the unmeaning mausoleum, and applaud what we would *have*, to be, our Georgia bequest."

Neopold, upon reaching the lodging of his family, found that they had become very uneasy at his long absence. After relating, what his wife termed the wild abstractions of the old Indian chief, persisting, that it was no other than one of the old Indian's visions, about the hunter's paradise,

which is so common among our aborigenes, in believing the Great Spirit has prepared to receive the faithful after death, this she had often heard was the religion of the Indians everywhere; however, Neopold had faith in the truthfulness of what had been related to him by the Indian; and with whom he soon again met, and received further assurances that it was not a thing of poetry.

## CHAPTER IV.

WHEN naught is heard but the cataract's constant roar; and oft and anon, the faintly-heard drumming of the mountain pheasant,\* more delightful to the huntsman than the Spanish patriot's march to the volunteer corps; or, the plaintive, far-distant croakings of the silvery black raven, whose melodies often hurries the huntsman, with his quickly-sprung rifle, to a present, in anticipation of his shaggy Spanish hounds giving tongue in pursuit of a deer. These melodious, soul-inspiring enchantments of the mountains, surpass all the pomp and circumstances of a Napoleon's court; and the most joyous seasons elicit their enchantments, and alike invite forth to the craggy cliffs the syballine apparition, which has been so often seen by visitors in their excursions among the interminable cataracts and craggy heights, for a mile in extent, which characterize, above all others of nature's grandeurs, the Tallulah falls of Georgia. We have seen the much-talked of Niagara, and other falls of notoriety on our American continent; but after beholding the frightful,

\* The strange apparition, so frequently appearing at the instant of the rapping of the pheasant, is supposed to have been the origin of the spiritual rappers.

and terrific sublimities, the variegated and picturesque grandeurs, which are nowhere blended in so eminent a degree, as we see here; the involuntary exclamation is uttered, "is this the much-talked of Niagara!" With the subjects which we have presented before us, we but lack the gifted pen of Mrs. Ann Stephens to bring us into song.

It was during the annual recess of Franklin College, intervening between the final examination in June, of the graduating class, to the first Wednesday in August, the commencement day, that the seniors, headed by their beloved Professor Waddel, took an excursion to the falls; and all alike were transfixed with amazement at the sight of the beautiful belle of the cliffs, of whom neither the guide, nor any of the huntsmen in the neighboring mountains could give any account, though all had often seen the peerless beauty; and of a dozen testimonies which we consulted, but two had ever seen her otherwise than alone; these two affirmed, that on one occasion, they saw her accompanied by a venerable old man, with the mien of an apostle of old; his antiquated appearance imparted an additional sublimity to the scene.

These pilgrims from college first saw this mysterious apparition from the elevated flat rock, on the south-west cliffs, called the Devil's Pulpit, which point is very little higher up the stream than what was formerly called the Eagle's Nest,

but on opposite sides. This shelving rock, or platform of the Eagle's Nest, in modern days, has gone by the appellation of the "Student's Rostrum," and the cave, near by, in which the eagles built their nests, "Vulcan's Forge," so called from the number of thunderbolts which has been discharged at a neighboring mountain below, on the south-west side of the river, an eminence so dreaded by the hunters in time of storm; for there is a complete devastation of the larger trees upon its summit, and called Thunder Mountain by them.

This mysterious object, of such angelic loveliness, called the Maid of the Cliffs, was, when first seen by young Rossius, standing upon the Student's Rostrum; he was instantly overwhelmed with admiration; but all alike seemed to be paralyzed, and attempted to descend, with the view of crossing over to where the object stood, which they were not aware was a thing of impossibility at that point; but they soon lost sight of the mountain nymph, as some of them called her.

After the party had run out their time in ferretting out all of the secret cavities, and viewing all of the grandeurs which nature had been so prodigal in piling around this hallowed spot, the professor announced that the time had arrived for leaving. Says a student, whose name was Vance, "Our valedictorian is 'non est inventus.'"

“What! Rossius not yet come? we can’t wait any longer; he will follow on after us. Who last saw him?” inquired the professor.

“I,” replied Julius. “About an hour since, after hurrying all the morning up the river, pressing me to go on with him against my remonstrances; finally, at the head of the chasm I stopped and told him, that we would be waited for, that twelve o’clock was the hour our *pater conscrepti* had fixed upon for our homeward march, and now, the morning has left us nothing,—‘*vade, vade!*’ cried I, at the top of my voice, running back, with hurried steps; ‘if thou wilt persist, thou sleepest out to-night with old bruin for thy chum instead of Julius. I do believe that white eagle, which thou mistook for a very Desdomona, hath turned thy brain, Rossius.’

“He replied, ‘Come, come, chum, go with me yet farther—‘*Satius est petere fontes, quam secari rivulos.*’

“So saying, he suited his actions to his quotation, hurrying with headlong steps up stream, and I down, retracing my footsteps.”

After this account given of Rossius by his chum, Julius, the venerable professor meditated seriously, for a moment, in a state of suspense; for Rossius was a favorite with the professor of languages;—after a pause, the old man drew himself up, exclaiming, “‘*Quamdiu Catalina, abu-*

tere, nostra patientia.' Julius, thou art not more sad, in leaving behind your chum, than I am; but we have come on a soldier's march, and we must maintain the reputation which gives him character and efficiency; a strict adherence to discipline, and orders previously issued. Napoleon never would have taken Moscow, if the glaciers of the Alps had proven an impediment; if remonstrances and difficulties had been heeded by a Columbus, the American continent would, in all probability, never have been discovered."

With great impatience at the hesitancy of the professor, Render exclaimed aloud, "*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*"

To which Julius, with much emphasis, retorted in defence of Rossius, "There are those who can see the faults of others, but who cannot discern their own."

"Julius Cæsar! do you mean that for me?" said Render.

"Qui capit ille facit," replied Julius.

"Come, come, young gentlemen, I fear this discussion is becoming too personal," continued the old professor. "I know not what may become of Rossius, but I must confess, Render's quotation sounds like a presentiment, and I confess it weighs heavily on my mind; but, Julius, to arrest discontent in our ranks, let us be off on our march."

## CHAPTER V.

ROSSIUS'S feelings were too deeply enlisted in behalf of the object of his solicitations to have, for once, meditated upon what might probably be the remarks made at his expense.

When he finally became wearied, and nearly exhausted, he approached a sound he heard a little above him, at the water's edge; it proved that which he needed most, the pouring of a small mountain torrent over a precipice-rock into the river. "Ah! thou ever living fount, I was as unconscious of how much I stood in need of thee, as thou wert thyself!" He drinks, and bathes his wrist and temples. "Thou art as cold, and far better, than ice water, which we transport at so much cost—how gladly would I live in thy midst." He seated himself on a mossy settee, on the margin of the river. The cold water, and the fanning current of air, which the little cascade excited, soon cooled his fevered brain, and he was restored to consciousness.

Rossius continued, "Ah! alas! poor Rossius! I feel myself to be like a lost mariner, tossed upon the troublous billows, without chart or compass, and no cynosure by which to be guided. The ambition which served to stay me up, and hurry me

on through the first heat of life; achieving my purposes, in my collegiate aspirations, is lost in satiety, and I am here alone in solitude, with none other to stimulate than what they tell me is a phantom—a thing like an *ignis fatuis*.”

He jumps up—“I’ll back again to the Devil’s Pulpit, and there I will spend the night.” It was dark before he reached the spot, and with difficulty he found his way down to the cave, far below, deep down the black cavern, known as Bruin’s Saloon. Here he determined to spend the night, if old bruin’s hospitality did not forbid; but he, too, with the Indians, had been compelled to seek a more genial home; for the fillibusters extended to neither any quarters.

Rossius, throughout the night, scarcely slept; but built high gorgeous air-castles; not such as he was wont in college to build, of climbing to the uppermost round of fame’s ladder—his aspirations were now swallowed up in the glorious reflections of the union of two confiding hearts—his studious habits, and ambitious spirit, had never allowed him the moments to spare in the too frequent indulgence of students, in visiting the girls, and this accounts for one of his susceptibilities; never before having felt the pangs of distraction, which an aching heart engenders in a high-strung, sensitive youth, who, too, has been so perfect a stranger to its vibrations, as Rossius had been.

## CHAPTER VI.

AT last, after the irksome watches of the night, the morning came—Rossius was on the “*qui vive*,” at its first dawning—time dragged slowly, he remarked—

“I have often heard, that one’s existence was prolonged by a removal to the mountains, and this accounts for it—in truth, a day and night is to me as a week.”

About ten o’clock the pheasant’s mournful drumming was faintly heard, amidst the thunderings of the cataract’s roar. “Ah!” said he, “wouldst thou, mountain bird, prove to be one of the spiritual rappers, possessing the magic power of which we do hear so much.” Instantly, the apparition made her appearance, as white as the foaming billows, the roar of which, from an increased whirl of the wind in the chasm, which had just sprang up, perfected the delusion of there being a concord of sweet sounds, with the cadences of a band of serenaders, in honor of our brilliant guest, perched high upon the opposite cliff, whose melodious voice accorded so harmoniously with the enchantment of surrounding nature.

“Ah ! blessed beauty,” exclaimed Rossius,

"thou art no eagle bird, but one of more brilliance than the bird of paradise! How I wish I could transform myself into what Julius called thee, that I might fly across this yawning chasm, and perch at thy feet. Oh! thou most hallowed object! thou remindest me of Dido of old, who, with a willow in her hand, on the lone sea banks, waved her love to return again to Carthage. O! were I thy Cressid.

"Loved one! canst thou hear amidst this artillery? if thou couldst, I would say to thee a word of soft delight."

"Speaketh noble youth; for I know not else what to call thee," said the Maid of the Cliffs.

To which Rossius replied: "My bright star of life and hope! I saw thee—and this makes but twice, which reveals to me the truth, that thou art else than that they told me. Some called thee a morning vapor, occasioned by the whirl of atmosphere, amidst these tumble of waters, producing such clouds of spray, and the sun's rays not reaching them, until he had rose high above mountain, almost having acquired his meridian strength, the sudden heat and strong reflection of light, occasioned this singular phenomena of white gauzy form. This was the philosophic explanation of my revered professor. Probably I should have been persuaded, by his theory, to have left with the class but he had so strongly implanted

in our bosoms by his lectures before the class, that the '*ipse dixits* of none, however reputable, should be permitted to convict us, however plausible in theory, until after demonstration, with practical results.'

"Come, my angel star, tell me what shall I call thee? but if thou permittest, I would call thee no other than my own! Tell me whence from, and how can I approach thee?"

To which Rossius received in reply:

"In that shining vale, which I do now behold from this cliff, varied over with every enchantment of loveliness, my fond parents do dwell; and I, their only offspring; they call me Manolia. This vale, of which I do speak, lies not far above, where the mountains have wedded this, my own beautiful Tallulah, to another of her like, but not half so fair,\* and there too,

'Tallulah's offspring you may see,  
Yet not so fair, by half, as she—  
That, my father, from the north-east;  
This, my mother, where we now rest,  
The other, Manolia, by them ever blest,  
By no other ever have been caressed.' "

"Manolia!" ejaculated Rossius, "Ye gods! it

\* The reference here is to the junction of the Tallulah and Chatooga rivers, and by their junction another is formed, the Tugalo. The first she compares to her mother, the second to her father, a more turbid stream; their issue the Tugalo, which she compares to herself.

doth fill the air with enchantment, and appeareth to me unrivalled, excepting in thy own matchless person.

“When, Manolia, were these two rivers of which thou speakest, wedded, and by whom?” said Rossius.

“I suppose,” replied Manolia, “when they first began to flow; and by the mountains, I suppose, as they alone can prevent their ever being divorced.”

“I would gladly approach thee,” said Rossius, “and prevail on her so happily blest with the fondest of parents, that another liveth, whose caresses, if once thou wert made to appreciate, would bear a comparison with all that thou knowest of, or have ever felt! as thou sayest Tallulah does, in comparison with Tallulah’s spouse.”

“I fear,” replied Manolia, “this argument runneth not to my advantage, for thou, Rossius, doth paraphrase my every saying to thine own account; and as to what thou wouldst gladly know, I can scarcely venture; for my father has often told me, that the spot upon which I stand, is the ‘ultima thule,’ and bids me stay no time for fear of giddiness and fatigue, and tells me, too, when the sun gets on high, he will mar the tint, which the dews of the vale of flowers, so perfumed with sweets, which have been exhaled the night previous, have imparted to my cheeks; but, Rossius, if thou in-

climest to cross over—before thou set out, take an object, just overhead; where I now stand a mountain laurel hangs, now in bloom, take it for your cynosure, and to-morrow, at the sound of the reveille of the mountain drummers, you will find the object you will be in search of, where I now stand, if all goes well. I bid thee speed in time, for thou mayest encounter difficulties.”

This seeming solicitude, on the part of Manolia, had instant effect on Rossius; he had not ascended the steep far, before he halted to take a farewell greeting, and Manolia was gone.

## CHAPTER VII.

It was at no other season, that the point, occupied by Manolia at the time she held the foregoing conversation with Rossius, could be approached from the valley below. This time of the year, the last of July, or the first of August, is known as the dry season of this country, and the Tallulah, as well as all other streams, becomes exceedingly low; and also, it is the season of the pheasants' tattoo. When the river was at this low stage, old Oothlacoochy, (the Indian chief, of whom we have made mention, who had ever lived with the Neopold family in the valley, and loved Manolia as his own child,) could take the canoe across the river, and then up to the principal cataract, immediately below the high perpendicular, from whence Oothlacoochy and his old father made the fearful leap to gain the valley. At this point he secured the canoe, and by his assistance, (the outer edge of the rock, over which the water tumbled, being exposed,) Manolia was enabled to gain the steep, and then, between the cliff and the water's edge, the tract was sufficient to pass along up.

This little colony had now resided in their

secluded world about thirteen years, making Manolia about sixteen at the time of our story. After having been thoroughly educated by her accomplished parents, and acquired a taste for reading, she got hold of some romance in her father's extended library, the reading of which, at times excited a feeling of melancholy, which inclined her to wander among the picturesque; and hearing the old Indian relate his adventure over the precipice, and down the falls, she never rested until she prevailed on her father to let the Indian conduct her to the fearful spot; and after gaining her point, the ascent to the jumping-off platform must be scaled, and her daily entreaties to the old Indian became irresistible; and his strong inclination to afford the little idol of his heart every gratification, led him to commence devising ways and means to accomplish her object; he proposed to do it if her father would procure rope sufficient to make a ladder, and get a strong bolt of iron, and steel chisels sufficient to bore a hole into the rock by the platform, so as to drive the bolt into; to this, the rope ladder could be suspended.

"How will you get up to make this fixture?" replied Manolia.

"I will go down the river with the fixtures, cross over and go up to the cliff, and get down upon it, as I did at first, work out the hole in the rock,

suspend the ladder, and descend upon it, to prove to you its strength. The only difficulty is in ascertaining the quantity of rope, and how long to make the ladder."

"If I mistake not," replied Manolia, "the tract below on the water's edge is perfectly straight for a short distance; if so, my father can in a few moments, with his quadrant, give you its elevation."

Neopold had all the shining attributes of a finished gentleman and scholar; highly gifted in every essential ingredient necessary to have ranked him foremost in any of the learned professions he might have made choice of. And his wife also, was in no wise inferior to her husband, under whose tuition, their lovely daughter lacked in no particular the advantages of a seminary; in fact her tuition was more strictly attended to and stimulated, her mental developments more effectually cared for, than if she had been sent to school.

Upon Manolia's return home, after her day's entertainment with Rossius, she felt an unusual degree of excitement, and her stay had been observed by her parents as well as old Oothlacoochy, (who had spent his time among the rocks a fishing, in wait for Manolia's return to the canoe, which he was wont to do when she took this trip). The old Indian was interrogated by the parents, which

increased his suspicions; and when on the following morning, Manolia, with an unusual degree of caution, took him one side to communicate her wishes to ascend the river again, a thing she had never done before on three consecutive days; however, he gave a ready assent to her proposition with the curiosity of an Indian, determining to act the part of a spy, which is perfectly in character with the Indian; their hunting, their warfare, their every undertaking, is carried on under this ambush scheming; so, as a matter of course, the undertaking was not at all repulsive to his sense of honor. So he proceeded on the excursion, with a gaiety not expected, by telling the girl that it suited him very well, as he did not meet with his usual good luck in fishing on the day previous. They accordingly journeyed up the river to the fall, below which he usually fished; assisted Manolia up the acclivity; and commenced the work of adjusting his fishing tackle as usual, so as to excite no suspicion on the part of Manolia; but so soon as the maid had turned the first angle of the precipice bluff alongside the water's edge, he followed on in pursuit; she in no wise suspecting him. When he reached the next turn, he could with ease screen himself from view, and by looking around the point see distinctly the platform, up to which his ladder led. She was ascending, and had nearly reached the point; and immedi-

ately above, he discovered a man reclining upon the rock over Manolia's head, with his head, breast, and shoulders exposed to full view.

As Manolia stepped from the rope ladder, and planted her feet firmly upon the giddy height, Rossius addressed her, not venturing to speak before, for he trembled at the hazardous adventure she was making.

"So, my fair Manolia, thou wast not unmindful of thy promise, and I flatter myself that our yesterday's confab was of mutual interest. I have reached this spot but fifteen minutes since, and to give you some evidence of my anxiety, I have travelled by day and night to head this maddened stream, which I nearly did, before I could cross, and by the time I reached this spot, though excessively fatigued, my anxiety in a few moments was such, that I sprang up and with hurried steps went some distance below in search of a cliff and laurel, that more resembled the one you cited me to yesterday. Manolia, from the first time I fixed my eyes upon you from yonder pulpit, as they do call it, thy influences were such, as I never before felt; and these disturbed emotions at my heart, became manifest to all of my companions, whom you saw. They all remonstrated at my excessive romance, as they termed it, and reiterated the huntsmen's legend, that thou wast this, that, and

the other, and no inimitable beauty of flesh and blood; they taunted me by calling thee an eagle bird; a cloud-like zephyr, filled with light, the spirit of some departed love-stricken girl, hovering around those yawning gulphs in search of some lost lover. Philosophical explanation of thy appearance was given—plausible enough in theory—they with one voice protested against my credulity, that it would prove the rock upon which I would split. But now this meeting will more than repay me for all of the jeers and jibes, which I received at their hands. My fair Manolia, I know not how to love else than thee; these heights and depths, and lasting rocks, are but fit emblems by which to measure the extent and durability of my attachment. I have to some extent practiced composition and elocution; but upon this theme of love, I confess I am a novice, yet I know full well, that I love thee, whate'er thou art, and would gladly win thy favor."

To which Manolia replied.

"Thy youth and modesty doth discredit thy own ingenuity, for thou speakest of matters, of which I am none else than what thou representest thyself to be, and in comparison thou appearest an adept; if the subject of which thou speakest, means nothing else than to sanction the edification thy conversation doth continually impart, then what thou desirest has already been sanctioned by

this meeting ; having read much, but seen nothing of the world in which you live, I must confess I have some curiosity to associate to some extent with others than my parents and old Oothlacoochy ; yet I love them dearly, and could not live without them ; in fact, my parents and I are as one, as inseparable as the waters of the three rivers I made mention of to you yesterday."

"Manolia," replied Rossius, "thou appearest to comprehend me but darkly ; my ambition is, that we should become harmonized as the waters of the two first named rivers, and flow on as they do, in harmonious unison, as undisturbed as their placid waves, on to the ocean of eternity ; to love and experience all the identity, which you and your fond parents doth entertain ; then, my happiness would be complete, and yours, I trust, well secured, for thy experience must have taught you that life is held by a slender tenure, even by the young ; and the aged know not at what hour they may be summoned ; and believe me, my attachment for you is such, that I would gladly excite in your bosom no other than the most cherished hopes. But, my dearest Manolia, what is inevitable, our philosophy teaches us to look well to, and it is meet and proper to take 'time by the forelock,' as is said, and make provisions for coming destiny. Your parents, whom you love so dearly, and they who are so mindful of your happiness, cannot

remain with you always, and for the love I have for you, I offer you myself as their substitute; thy interest, I assure you, will only be doubly secured, and for the time being, I pledge you will suffer no detriment; thy love will ever be cherished, thy happiness fostered, and while thy parents are spared unto you, thy love for them be in no wise diminished; in me, they will find an additional solace, and will ever be found ready to unite with you in administering to their wants; the amount of their happiness and comforts will be multiplied, as well as your own; we will travel together wherever our inclination may lead us, in search of pleasure, and return to your parents and quiet home with renewed affections and fresh resources. Say, Manolia! wilt thou consent to become mine?"

"Ah! Rossius," said Manolia, "I think the matter of which thou treatest of more consequence than thy haste implieth; you confess a love for Manolia: so does the sun shine with warmth one day, and the next he withholds his influence, and we are chilled all o'er. The fair moon, too, oft rises with the glorious promises of the sun, but ever fails fulfilling those hopes she inspires; for oft, as she rises and increases in splendor, at her meridian height, the cold has become more intense; thou mayest, Rossius, have inclined to other teachings and inferences; but our happiness is none the less

secure by being mindful of these admonitions; and it doth appear to me, that my happiness would find a void away from these waters."

"How canst thou doubt him, who, like Rossius, has abandoned his comrades, and all of his pursuits, his ambition, too, which has been the main spring of his action, and at the instant when the first acquisition of his inspired hopes are just within reach: for I had but to return with my class, to have had conferred on me the first honors of our institution; in so doing my personal sacrifice can in no wise compare with the grief I suffer from the well known affliction it must bring upon my parents, brother and sister; Manolia, thou doest a seeming injustice in your comparisons, if you suppose that my affections may, in the slightest degree, be compared (in the manner you have done) to that glorious luminary; at this instant inspiring the whole of creation to animation and life; everything appearing redolent at his first rising. The mimosa and sensitive plant lift up and expand their withered, contracted foliage in early morn, and then, in the decline of eve, they again appear to wither and blight; from these periodical, temporary suspensions of his warming influences are we to infer that there has been the slightest alienation? The sun is at times eclipsed, he is obscured by fleeting clouds, but we are not to infer from this that his brilliance and vivifying

influences are at all impaired. Such, I assure you, I will ever prove to you. And what the moon, too, appeareth to be, she is ever constant in. She lends a brilliancy to our darkest hours, and in doing this she is not less faithful, only her slumberings are of longer duration; but what she first appeareth to be, she ever proveth inalienable in; so it doth appear to me that thy arguments, and alleged objections, but argue in my behalf; and as to the last objection—your love for these thine own rivers—I do declare mine own love for them doth outvie in admiration, all that thou ever boasted, for it was upon the western bank of the identical stream, which, from these you name, does flow, that I have ever lived; there, still, my parents dwell, and sister, too—so like thine own self, that I almost mistake thee, and would gladly take thee home with me.”

“Rossius,” replied Manolia, “thou art so expert in argument that in future I’ll prove more circumspect and furnish you with no more of such, as thou canst thus paraphrase to my disadvantage; but I do feel such an interest in that sister of yours, of whom you speak, that I am sure I would gladly have you bring her. O! that I could have such a one for my companion! if she is so like myself, how shall I discern which is Manolia, and which is thy sister; I am sure I would know no difference in my love; tell me

her name, and I will take her at once for my companion, and call on her by name, and hold daily conversation with her; by that means acquire more skill to enable me better to divert thy ingenuity. I wish she was here to help me at this time."

"Manolia," replied Rossius, "thou art sadly in error in supposing yourself in need of any assistance; it is Rossius who is *thy* victim; and *he* would gladly avail himself of the winning eloquence of a sister's love—whom we call *Iolia*—her name so much resembles thine—but not by half so much as she doth in person—she lives one hundred miles south of this; an Indian mound points out her home, around whose base she delights to linger, in search of those trophies which give such interest to those spots where our red predecessors lived; do, Manolia, consent to go with me and join *Iolia*, your congenial spirit."

"Rossius, thou art too strong in thy persuasions, and it does appear, if obstacles were not too abundant, and magnified, thou couldst gain thy point; I know not what else to say; but thy beauteous sister I do already adore, I must confess. Rossius! withdraw thyself; for yonder comes the old Indian, and day after to-morrow we appoint to continue our talk of your angel sister, whom I do already outvie thee in loving."

## CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN this interesting tale was first related to us up to this point, we thought we had never before felt our sympathies so worked upon in behalf of one, as they were for our young hero; and it was a long time (being interrupted) before the balance of his story was related; we strove to anticipate Rossius' after history; the expression of young Render, "Whom the gods determine to destroy, they previously deprive of reason;" this remark falling with such weight upon the old professor—"sounding so like a presentiment," said he—that my apprehensions were constantly excited, and to such a degree, that the lovely mountain girl, with all of her native beauty and talent, failed up to this period, winning over to *her*, my predilections for Rossius.

But poor Manolia, she descended the ladder with the trepidation of a fawn just aroused from its layer, by the hunter's approach; she feared that Oothlacoochy had discovered Rossius, and probably overheard some of the conversation; which, in that event, would likely reach her parents' ears; and this probably would lead to the inevitable overthrow of their lovely paradise. When the tempter appeared to Eve he approached

as a flattering friend ; and with this mighty lever, woman's susceptibility to flattery was fully ascertained, which led to her downfall. Beware, ye descendants of our first parents—ye, likewise, may meet with a like destiny !

This novel, if worthy to be dignified with the title, is not intended to go forth without a moral lesson : and if thought, and investigation, should grow out of it upon any one of the questions to which we direct our criticisms, viz : politics, morals of associations, the ultra tendencies of the times, fanaticism, &c., &c., so as to induce us to arrive at more just conclusions, the author's aim will have been accomplished. Our aim is not so much detraction, where it seemeth to be, as to stimulate and bolster up the more humble, shrinking portion of our population, who have no opportunities afforded them of joining in with the tinselled circles of the fashionable world, with all of their associations. We incline to dignify even the huntsman's pursuits, that it may not prove sterile as to mental improvement ; but let no time pass by without an effort to accomplish something or other than amusement.

The fastidious moralist might say, our object might have been more successfully obtained, by adopting some more sober and dignified mode of appeal to the world. Perhaps not ; for those

upon whose minds we desire mostly to engage, and act upon, would be attracted by nothing, but something of the character of romance. These remarks sound, the critic would say, like the preface of a book. In answer to which, we would remark, that one-half of the casual readers of the day never look for once at a preface.

## CHAPTER IX.

WHEN the class reached the college campus on their return, under the command of their professor, of whom we have alluded, they met the old Prex, who inquired if all had returned in safety? to which Julius, Rossius' room-mate, immediately replied—"All excepting Rossius."

"And what have you done with Rossius?" asked the president.

"He was so much interested with the mountains," replied Julius, "the falls and strange sights, which the country presented, that he concluded to turn deserter, that he might appropriate more time, to be able better to appreciate what he saw."

Render immediately put in, "I think it more likely those spiritual rappers we encountered have worked on his brain to the addling point of Fahrenheit; for after the appearance of that beautiful spirit, of which ten thousand could dance on the point of a cambric needle, if what we are told of spirits be true, that they occupy no portion of space; the boy has stuck so close to his room for the past four years, and seen so little of the girls, that he doth readily conceive them to be as pure and etherial as an Iris glittering through a

cloud of spray; he thinks a girl fit for his worship should be none other than one divested of all flesh and blood; and methinks the boy is in pursuit of such a phantom, unless by this time he has lost his footing from the Devil's Pulpit, or the more giddy height, called the Student's Rostrum, and been swallowed up in the vortex below; if so, our class will be without a valedictorean."

"Render," replied Julius, "I always thought that thou possessed the most unfeeling heart—now thou hast convinced us all of the truth of it; thou hast spoken sacrilegiously, both of the girls, and also of our worthy Rossius. Thou knowest full well, that thou art trifling in this matter, and creating false impressions with our president. Rossius, I know, has always been more skeptical of all these delusions of scheming than you yourself; and I would sooner suspect you of becoming a medium of spiritual legerdemain, Swedenborgianism, or Mormonism, than I ever should Rossius—the three sects he has always characterized as '*trio nobile fratrum*.'"

"Julius," said Render, "thy likings run to such fastidious extremities, that thou art ever watchful of insult being intended. If my appreciation of Rossius were less, thou hadst got thyself in ill-favor with me long ere this; but were it not my natural inclination, I would assail Rossius to challenge thy defence; if he were without an advocate, he

would find in me a ready volunteer; but thou seemest ever to be his retainer, and thou art so well posted in the case of thy client, that thou wantest no cohort."

"I am glad to see your colors struck," said Julius; "I merely entered on my chum's defence, because of his absence—no such one as Rossius need bespeak even the federal bar as his advocate, much less you, or I; he possesses, in too eminent a degree, the character of our beloved state, ever mindful of her own extended resources, possessing the will and capacity to maintain them. Like all other Georgians, he acknowledges no superior; and this peculiarity of our people, I have thought, accounts for the state never having had what is called, a great man, a leader, or dictator. The general diffusion of the commodity, called greatness, is too general to allow of any monopoly; thou partakest too much of the tendencies of thy own state, Render, too given to *hero*-worship, or the one-man control, and *him* alone to be respected and rule or ruin, giving no quarters to anybody else, excepting him of your deification."

To which Render replied, "I think I have read somewhere, that men of ordinary capacity are ever anxious to exalt the states above the general government, wishing to attach more consequence to the state department, the sphere wherein they

expect to figure; their rank not adapting them for the national councils of our government. Perhaps, Julius, their argument is a parallel case with yours, in not conceding greatness to others, inclining to the general grading system, that fortuitously some might be lifted up."

Says the old Prex: "Young gentlemen, thou appearest to be more of politicians, than what thy persons would imply; for thy attire is more of the soldier, just having passed through a campaign, with no regard to ablutions, and withal each one of you appeareth as lean and hungry as a Cassius; and that these important matters might be attended to, I would advise a truce, and have a pitch battle in your society halls; but this thing of Rossius' not returning, disconcerts me much—I would have preferred his not becoming naturalist, or geologist, until after we have done with him."

As the company was about adjourning for their rooms in college, Julius could not think of submitting to Render's last insinuation, without a rejoinder: "What you meant, Render, to imply by your grading system, is but one and the same with agrarianism, I suppose, and there is not a fellow in this college more of one than yourself; for it does appear, that you never see a student with a new coat on, unless you talk of it in such a manner as to induce the belief, that you would

have it split in two, and the one half given to you. If a boy shines in any one thing, thou art ever ready with thy everlasting harpoons to transfix him. I think thou hadst better join the whalers—methinks whalebone and sperm would be cheapened, the girls and boys both benefited.”

Render, laughing, “Thou hast indeed taken what thou sayest is my vocation, from me, and I must confess I have not wherewith to place the sole of my feet—thou dost outherd Herod, and I am not a ‘circumstance’ to thee, in piling on wormwood—my bitters, which I do like to administer, are always intended as a tonic; but thine, of the corrosive sublimate.”

“Thou art candid,” replied Julius, “in acknowledging thy appetites, favoring a little of the cherry tree, smothered in an ocean of ‘ball face.’”\*

Upon their separation for their respective rooms, Render sang out, “I think thou standest in need of a little of the ‘all joyful,’\* to stay up thy boasted virtues, for thou art losing thy wonted character for gentleness, and a small glass might serve to soften thine asperities.”

“I’ll wait,” retorted Julius, “to see the result of the experiment on thyself, for I venture it will not go long untried.”

\* A cheap white whiskey.

Julius entered his room, which put an end to their game at sharp shooting; he threw himself in his old arm chair, facing Rossius', and soliloquized thus: "My chum; I shall feel the want of thy company more than ever, since our books are laid upon the shelf, and nothing assigned us now to perform but to prepare our addresses for commencement, in which we might have been of mutual aid. At this instant, Cassanio, the brother of Rossius, a sophomore, entered, and with excitement said:

"Julius, I understand that you have returned without my brother, tell me what under the sun has become of him; I've heard several conflicting accounts of him, each one savouring so strongly of romance that I believed every mother's son of them lied in their own teeth; and I have come to hear your statement, knowing that whatever thou sayest of Rossius I can rely upon; though I am troubled much, and would have gladly have none of you to have returned, since thou hast left my brother, unless thy account of him is more intelligible than even the professor gave of him."

"Cassanio," said Julius, "be seated in your brother's chair, and come, move into our room, and I will be better reconciled in his absence. I can but relate to you, Cassanio, what I do know. but only I fear to place myself in the same cate-

gory with all of the rest whom you have heard speak of him; the long and short of it is, nothing but uncertainty and doubt hangs over Rossius' future plans and destiny. He labored under a very strange sort of infatuation, and appeared like one in a dreamy lethargy, from which all we could do and say could not arouse him; I followed him and argued with him, and remonstrated as long as I could; his replies were, it is true, frequently in character with himself; but persisted in wandering off farther and farther up that turbulent stream, of which his mind seemed to have partook. When this became apparent, and I could do nothing with him, I had overstayed my time and could stick to him no longer. I left him several miles above the falls, on the banks of the Tallulah, urging me to go on still, repeating a Latin quotation: '*Satius est petere fontes quam sectari rivulos.*'"

Cassanio hurriedly repeated the translation, and remarked:

"Better to seek the fountain than follow the rivulet; I suppose by that he meant to drink at the head fountain of Tallulah."

"I wish," replied Julius, "the fount, when he reaches it, may have the effect to satiate his ambitious thirst and appease his restiveness."

Inquired Cassanio: "Did he appear in any way beside himself, or unwell, in travelling up?"

“Never better, or more like himself,” said Julius, “until reaching the falls; the angelic beauty, as we termed the object which we all did see upon an inaccessible height on the opposite side of the river from where we stood. The apparition, as it appeared to be, was so unexpected to us all, that we were dumb-founded. The professor gave a strange philosophical explanation of the causes which produced the phenomena, as he termed it; and whether he believed it a phenomena resulting from natural causes or not, I have my doubts, but such was his explanation given to Rossius. I told Rossius, that I had never seen an eagle, but that it must be a tall white bird of that species, which had been perched on this high rock all night and covered o’er with spray. The sudden disappearance of the object, whatever it was, gave credence to what I said; the skeptical, superstitious portion verily believe it to be a spirit, a ‘simon pure;’ as much so they said as any the spiritual rappers had ever raised, the truth of which, they said, was too well established to admit of doubt.”

“But,” replied Cassanio, “do you think my brother’s brain was so addled as to be one of the latter, for I have read accounts of some soft ones having lost their reason by such influences.”

“O!” replied Julius, “not at all; he believed it

none other than a pretty girl, and she overwhelmed his maiden affections, like a storm, we all know how to appreciate his unconquerable ambition, running almost into enthusiasm. My own impression is, if Rossius succeeds in finding out the object, or if he fails after so a long a time, all will be right again; but what I apprehend is, that in the pursuit of this darling object among those dangerous cliffs and irresistible torrents, he may lose his life; his eagerness will impel him forward to such narrow passes upon slippery shelving rocks, that he may go over and never be heard from. I trembled for him frequently before we separated, and if he fails returning by commencement, my conviction will be, that this has been the tragic result of his romantic adventure."

"Julius," said Cassanio, "how would it answer for me to push right off in search of him?"

"Well," replied Julius, "I think it would avail nothing, for it has been five days since I separated from him, and by this time I think his fate is pretty well sealed—you had better take the matter quietly and wait the issue."

"I know full well," said Cassanio, "that I ever shall rest with bad content for not having gone in pursuit, if perchance he never should return; in such an event, what would be the upbraiding of my own affections? for Julius, thou knowest

that my love for my brother, rivalled the love poor Rossius had for *his*; and I do know he loved me better than he loved himself; and as to that overwhelming feeling thou talkest of, which this nymph inspired him to, I know not to what height the velocity of its ascension has lifted him to. I do fear what Render says of his brain may not be without foundation. Ye gods, how strangely thou dost, at times, work upon frail man."

## CHAPTER X.

THE two weeks from the return of the class from the falls, to commencement, had passed; comment and speculations concerning the probable fate of Rossius engaged the attention of every student, as well as the faculty, and community at large; the night before commencement, Cassanio, with hurried steps, entered Julius' room. His esteem for Julius was next to that he bore to Rossius; in fact he was cherished by the two brothers almost as one. Says Cassanio:

"Now Julius, you see that your speculations about Rossius' returning this evening to astonish us all, and take his part in to-morrow's drama, is all at fault; and thy worst apprehensions have now become my convictions. Julius, God knows I could stand this thing well on my own account, as dearly as I love the boy; the thing is narrowed down to such a point, that it does appear, that there is not a hook left to hang a hope upon."

And now, reader, during the 'pause of the conversation between those confiding youths, and in the very midst of our tale, if you are inspired with that deep solicitude which the author was,

some hopes and fears must have been elicited in behalf of our young hero Rossius; and many are the reasons which elicit these anxious sensations in different individuals. A patriotic bosom must be awakened with the most anxious inquiries about young Rossius; if from no other incentives than that a youth from our beloved state, of such brilliant promise for usefulness to our commonwealth, one possessing such high-toned ambition, and rare endowments, with a popularity unrivalled among the faculty, as well as students, having just arrived at the threshold of the theatre of active life; then, should be so suddenly paralyzed; and the high hopes of all made shipwreck of. Now, if our patriotic emotions could so touch our sympathetic natures, causing such vibrations in the heart's affections; what must be the convulsions of those, who are much more endeared by fireside, domestic associations of love's relationship? Alas! poor Rossius! was one universal exclamation. But ah! my pen fails me, when I turn for a moment to the youth's beloved home; my mouth refuses to give utterance of the pangs of a darling sister's love; a mother too; for he was born unto her, first of all; and a fond father, now in the winter of life, being made glorious summer by the brilliance of his rising son, too suddenly again to be convulsed into the winter of discontent; a bro-

ther, too, left struggling in a lower class, high-souled, sensitive, and talented, like his brother, whom he ever thought worthy of his imitation ; in truth, he was his brother's exact prototype, and his lamentations are the most excruciating of all ; for now when every excuse and pretext, that Julius' love could devise, aided by his ingenuity, for Rossius' delay, had been exhausted, the brother is brought to the rack, as we would judge from his last exclamation ; and after the first ebullition had somewhat abated, his feelings very naturally turned towards home, and its endearments. "Home," said Cassanio, "can no more be home ; for while memory last, how can I ever find pleasure upon the silvery waters of our beautiful Savannah, or hunt with delight amid her hills and vallies."

"Othello's occupation was gone ;" but the returning home to his friends, without his brother, and to relate the sad, eventful account, as it was now currently believed about Rossius ; he felt it almost suicidal, that his tongue should give utterance of such sad tidings, as would wound so deeply, and so irreconcilably, those most endeared to him of all on earth beside. His moral and physical courage were pre-eminently characteristic ; but they failed to sustain him on this trying occasion ; and to whom should he appeal ? No other but

Rossius' noble chum, and thus he addressed Julius:

"O! Julius, thou comest nearest to Rossius, of all others, and wast like a brother, and loved him as such; thou, alone, canst do more to reconcile my friends than any other; it is utterly impossible that I can return home without you; consent, Julius, to take the lead of me home, and relate to my friends Rossius' sad history."

## CHAPTER XI.

I DARE say, the experience of every observant mind has, in his intercourse with the world, marked the singular variety of character in the same schools, as the foregoing serves to illustrate; under the garb of a superstitious reverence, the weak and unphilosophical mind is frequently hurried into errors, the most chimerical and absurd. The fact, that miracles were performed in the days of Christ and the apostles, does not, by any means, make it sacrilegious, that we should deny their practicability in our age, either by the good or the bad. In fact, since the writings of the New Testament, none, we think, but the latter, have attempted to practice the delusion; though many of the piously inclined have been made proselytes of. Witchcraft, in every age, practised under false and varied pretexts, has met with the most strenuous hostility among the good, and their inventive ingenuity put to the utmost in devising ways and means of torture, the most efficient for its suppression. The more modern practitioners of that sort of legerdemain, have assumed a garb somewhat more imposing and sacred in their professions, that they may screen themselves from the

taunts and maledictions that had already been forged against witchcraft; and what renders it more surprising in our age, with such a might of power in the ascendant, joined into a crusade against everything heretofore known and practiced as absolutely discreditable to "this fast age of progression;" these empyreans in politics, with their magician's wand, used so dexterously in devising pretexts for the multiplication of the public domain, and the enforcing oaths upon foreigners, (known to be hostile to our institutions,) thereby extorting allegiance in favor of "Young America" and its progress.

Ye gods! not yet satiated, but still casting about with tears in their eyes, as an ancient monarch was wont to do, for new conquests and for more subjects. It matters not how discordant, we have plenty of democratic infusion, meaning thereby, nothing more or less, than we have all sorts of infusions, and thy likings for association can readily be accommodated: the old adage, that "birds of a feather flock together," being false and discarded, (in one sense,) as heterodoxical in our vocabulary. "To the westward, ho! the march of empire goes," (not stopping short of away beyond the western border,) and "manifest destiny," are the conclusive arguments, cut and dried in readiness, as a solution to all posers."

The transcendentalist effects great opposition at

times to the class we have spoken of; but essentially differ in nowise whatever, only which shall pocket the most of the stakes. They both invoke the aid of something tantamount to spiritual communications; the one is advised by a secret communication with destiny, and mandates received by the prophet or high chief, become imperious; and all conflicting opinions are instantly thrown into the caldron and handsomely harmonized. The other so spiritualized from on high, that nothing is to be done, but to raise the head, and lift up the hands, and inspiration from the world of spirits will enlighten the understanding to such a degree, that all human laws and devices may be substituted by something paramount to all precedents. All, whatever their name may be, who come under the head of "abolitionist," whether of institutions, or law or constitutions—and ye deriders of conservatism, if ye are not classed with one of the above disturbers of the public peace and private order, you favor their machinations, and might justly be considered as accessory. Here we have a conglomeration mighty to do evil, morally and politically. Are we to construe it into a natural proclivity to error, that so large a portion of the human family should persist in exciting a seditious spirit against all order and decorum? or, is it owing to the first principles of education? for here we see different tendencies,

and different traits of character among the same set of students, and among the people of our common government. It is true, the slightest causes will bias our judgments or our decisions.

I recollect, when in college, a learned professor insinuated, (he being fat, and had fat sons,) that dissipation and excessive drink dried up the blood and emaciated the system. I was one of the lean ones of my class, and took the remark to myself with great mortification; previously being flattered with the opposite opinion, that much drunkenness increased the circulation, distended the blood-vessels, and worked out the semblance of fatness and health.

The phrenologist would attribute this diversity of the tendency of our race to theicks they had received from "pine knots," in the hands of their first teachers; wherefore, the necessity of adopting the systematic course already recommended, of fixing a scale of measurement by which teachers are to be guided. Let this handcuff practice, if there are any truth in it, be systematized in our schools! that in our nation of people, the spirit of acquisitiveness may be developed, or that of reverential obeisance.

This part of our book may appear frivolous and irrelevant; but to do justice to the enforcement of our convictions of the importance of systematizing our schools, we should employ every means

and persist in contributing our mite towards inducing thought, and a thorough investigation of the abuses and errors of which we are fraught, in the two departments of government and education, and thereby elicit an investigation as to what are the most efficient correctives. Improvements in mechanism, commerce, and manufactures, engross the whole attention of America's ingenuity, (barring party politics,) to the neglect of schools, or teaching, and the perfecting of our language. We desire most to institute an inquiry into the most practical method of developing the moral as well as the intellectual capacities of our people, that thereby we may more effectually perpetuate our liberties, and our institutions; and connected with this scheme, let the name of the illustrious patriot, Washington, be identified, so as to perpetuate his influence, rather than his name only; for the latter, (his name,) is as likely to be, eventually, perverted into evil as of good, if we are permitted to go on heedless of his teachings; and this scheme of a national institution, for accomplishing teachers for their charge, would be the bequest of that people, found ever sustaining the constitution of our common country, by "wisdom, justice, and moderation"\*—"in hoc signo vinces."

\* The singular adaptation of this expression is, that the motto of Georgia is the constitution inscribed on an arch, sustained by three columns, wisdom, justice, and moderation.

## CHAPTER XII.

.OUR path may now appear difficult and tedious to the reader, for the "ultima thule" point of every avenue has been attained, and the interesting interrogatory rests upon every mind, how the different characters of my tale are to be extricated from the meshes into which they became entangled—"tempus demonstrat omnia." Have patience, reader, and follow us through our tale, and its moral will be finally obtained.

We know full well the aversion the majority of the readers of our day have for long yarns. Point and condensation, "*multum in parvo*," is the seeming characteristic of our age. The railroad and telegraphic principles, which signalize our era, in bringing extreme points, as it were, in contact, has been applied to every species of interests, mental and physical, and he who would obtain hearers, or readers, and make proselytes, must come up to this public standard; wherefore, we have introduced but few characters, and omitted a deal of conversation, and many incidents overlooked, with the view of abbreviation—a condiment beginning to be observed everywhere but in our Congress halls, which is an exception to the general tendencies—there it is, as with the cotton planters, the

amount of crop in proportion to the length of season; but their knowledge of political economy far exceeds the planter's sagacity in domestic economy; the latter is content with the crop, looking to old Kentucky and other sections for the essentials of living. Not so however with the politicians—their crop is secured, and other essentials well looked to, under the head of stationery, documents, alias library, et cetera, et cetera—the constructive mileage pay, no small item this means,—if a senator finds himself short in funds, he sends home a message by telegraph, a thousand or two miles, more or less, gets a reply, and by a strong force of construction, he supposes he has taken the trip “in propria persona,” and the delusion is readily practiced upon his peers, the claim admitted; the treasurer not such a simpleton, as to doubt the sagacity of such a wise set of law-givers, but unhesitatingly admits its validity. Our Congress would vote to establish a few more federal cities, to afford an equal chance to more of us, for the organ of constructiveness is very easily excited; but so many of the sovereigns are too proud to submit to being called “public servants”—some of us can't tolerate the ethiopians being called by so humiliating a term. And it does appear but reasonable, that the Christian philanthropist should look with abhorrence upon the practice, which has been tolerated for too long

a period, of allowing human flesh to toil and sweat for the favored few. Because a man happens to find a gold mine, or prove fortunate in politics, or commerce, or trade, it is no reason that he should not subsist upon the corn and wheat grown by the sweat of his own brow. Some poor whites, as well as blacks, are compelled to wear their very lives out in producing food, upon which the very horses of the affluent abolitionist are fed. The views of that portion of our population are exceedingly benevolent if they would prove consistent and carry them out, and let the principle be extended to their own color. Their views are not sufficiently enlarged.

The agrarians have commenced the work of human alleviation in dead earnest—they show a zeal, if I understand them aright, which strikes at the very root of this thing of slavery in the world—they are no discriminators of color, to the best of my knowledge—they would have all old figurings wiped out, and we all begin “de novo;” everything considered as property, thrown into one common pile; no claimants to any one thing, and one great lottery fashioned out of the world’s funds; and all draw, and afterwards claim only what we draw; whether it is a “nigger,” or an Atlantic steamer. “Quere?” would the pampered abolitionist, in the event he should draw the former,

and nothing else, keep him, or set him free, and do his own washing and cooking? If he would set him free, then, in that event, I must believe, under existing circumstances, he must, to be consistent, spend his last dollar in purchasing the slaves of the south, with the view of liberating them, and give a full manifestation of his philanthropy, and go abroad as Nebuchadnezzar of old, seeking a maintainance upon the bounties of Providence.

## CHAPTER XIII.

IN our last chapter, we have exposed ourselves to the assaults of the severest criticism; we have promised brevity, and appropriated to ourselves the latitude, which one of our distinguished orators, of the generation just past, was ever inclined to indulge in; and he being distinguished for his wit and sarcasm, establishes the precedent as worthy of being followed, if the same view is attempted. The English travellers through our country, also furnish an abundance of examples for our digression, whatever may be the subject, to turn aside and pass condemnation on things not adapted to our taste; they do it as a matter of course, as a traveller would stop on the wayside to kill a snake. Our professed greenness, boasting so oft of being "Young America," that the parent country has thought it but extending a parental regard, and often administer a castigation along with their lullabies, as is the custom in our domestic economy; this thing is carried down into every little minutia, to which they were made to observe when inmates of the nursery, with the fastidiousness of an old maiden aunt in teaching her young niece in the use of the napkin, knife, fork, cup, and saucer, &c., &c. Just so are they

mindful of our manners and customs—and this high degree of sympathy for young, inexperienced America, is beginning to be felt by others than our parent country of late, as the plea of youth becomes louder and louder. A Kossuth, too, caught from England the same kind, parental consideration, more than his sympathies being more alive, being so intent upon obtaining “material aid;” he carried his teaching into a sort of national paternity, by giving us a regular course of lectures;—being learned, as his people made him believe, he indulged in a regular scanning out, and parsing a constitutional lesson for us; he received the countenance of some of the artificials of our cities, and a few old *fogies*; but when he got among the back-bone and sinew of proud America, he found it was with him, as all English dictatorial travellers would perceive, if they had the discernment.

Occasionally we see one of these travellers so mindful of our gentility, that they travel with the outfit of a pantry; seven-pointed gold forks, ragout spoons, &c. &c., to show us the manner in which they are to be used; adopting the custom of the hay gatherers in England. After the hay, or whatever kind of provender they may have “cut and dried,” they lay aside the scythe blade, or cutting knife, then take up the pitchfork, and pitch in the load. The artificials old fogies, and

young American green un's, immediately commenced the operation; some poor fellows could afford nothing better than a *one-prong* fork to operate with; the pitching had necessarily to go on so rapidly—or nothing would be done—that some few eyes were “non est inventus,” after they were through with the experiment; and dyspepsia and heartburn became the fashionable complaint among all we have alluded to; an additional cause of these complaints, it was conceded to be exceedingly vulgar to use saucers for the legitimate purpose for which they were intended; and Americans being fond of coffee “for coffee’s sake,” drink it frequently without cream, or milk; and, in the hurry of travel on railroads, for fear of not having time to dispose of the two cups, and not daring to pour from the cup into the saucer—it being vulgar—their stomachs and bronchial tubes soon stand in need of being “recoppered;” these, with other customs, such as the imperious necessity of taking soup as first course at dinner, or provide an India rubber pouch, after the manner of the pelicans, if not suited to taste or stomach: these observances did not take generally among the more intelligent; or *independent mass*. As a happy illustration of the estimate the latter class placed upon the pretensions of these lords and dukes—who travel among us to teach us manners and then to return and write a book of vitupera

tion—in the south they have met with less favor, for our people are so accustomed to making but two divisions in society—the republican freemen and the slaves—that all hailing from a country of royalty are appreciated as serfs, as underlings, and inferiors to the recognized nobility; that even our stage drivers feel a superiority over them, as the following anecdote will serve to illustrate: One of these traveling dukes was passing through Georgia, conceited in the opinion, that others than our negroes could be duped to place a factitious estimate upon empty titles—hurried one morning from the breakfast table, and took the back seat in the stage—spreading himself out, meaning to appropriate the whole of it to his own ponderosity, thereby depriving some ladies of their rightful privileges. After the ladies finished their breakfast, the driver stepped forward to hand them in the stage; but finding the portly gentleman occupying the entire seat, the driver politely addressed him: “Be pleased, Mister, to make way for the ladies; that hind seat always belongs to them.” To which the portly gentleman replied: “Sir, you are not aware, I suppose, that *I am* the Duke of —, traveling through America for information.” “Duke, eh? Duke, I suppose, of a d—n ten acre turnip patch,” replied the stage driver; and after eying him a

moment, and perceiving that the duke considered that possession was not only the ninth part but the whole of the law—says the driver: “Come along with me, ladies—taking them to an empty stage lying just at hand—handed them in, attached his horses to it, cracked his whip, and left the duke to whistle away the day until the next arrival. Talk to one of these of a man’s illustrious ancestors, and rightful inheritance of honors! “Inheritance, I rather think, of some corroding disease, from too great indulgence of the flesh-pots. And the very fact of his wanting to claim consideration from another’s merit, is proof to demonstration, that he is sadly deficient of himself, like the bankrupt seeking credit to sustain “his sinking fortunes.” “Act well your part, for there all the honor lies.”

We may be told that such opinions are entertained only among a people where there are none who can boast of an illustrious lineage. It was thus in Rome—founded by set of adventurers—soon becoming the mistress of the world, and in a short time exhibiting such a catalogue of heroes, orators, historians and poets, as scarcely ever flourished, before or since. Proud England herself was once but an appendage! The reign of power seems to be migratory! Busyris, King of Egypt, boasted that his capital, Memphis, on the Nile, was as great, compared to other cities, as,

said he, "Kings compared to me." Asia was once the seat of power, and where is she! Then Greece struggled for the ascendant! Rome then gained it! For a time Spain wore the diadem! France afterwards became the abode of the fine arts, in all the essentials of greatness, and struck terror to the world! Then proud Albion became the emporium of great statesmen, and an extended commerce! America, now, is but rising to her zenith.

## CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN we were enjoying one of those rich festivals—as common to the peasant as the king—in beholding the gorgeous scenery from the summit of one of those mountain heights which surround the Vale of Tallulah, on a tour, collecting materials for this little volume, we were suddenly startled by the abrupt appearance of Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew. As the wonderfully strange old character approached us, we accosted him—desiring to know where from, and where traveling to. He made us no reply; but raised both hands, shook them convulsively—also his head; and his eyes danced almost out of their sockets. After indulging in these convulsive throes for a few moments, and going through with a variety of pantomimes, these unaccountable emotions were excited, as I found out, from two causes: the imposing scenery of the vast expanse of the “ocean view,” as it has been termed, which stretched away south, “ad infinitum;” and, on the other hand, the interminable range, pile after pile, of blue summits, had overwhelmed the stranger; and also, he wished to convey the idea, that he could neither hear nor speak. When I the second time addressed him, he drew from his pocket a

pencil and paper, and made signs for a talk in writing. I told him he had wandered from his track, and was probably lost. He hooted at the idea of being lost; such apprehensions had never occurred to him: the world was his home, and he by no means could get off of it; he had buffeted the waves of misfortune; adversity had been his handmaid; and his hopes and dreams about physical comforts had long since been smothered. He had explored every continent, and traversed the ocean and seas; had basked in the balmy groves of a tropical sun, and shivered amid polar snows. He took from his old coat a pocket compass, settled the needle, and then remarked that he was on his course. He had no regard for highways; he was in the habit of taking a "bee line" from one point to another. I inquired of him how he did when he came to a river. He squatted, swelled his jaws, blew forth from his mouth, and threw out his arms, each inscribing a semicircle, as in the act of swimming. He paused, and again surveyed the vast abyss and wide expanse; and expressed satisfaction that he had reached the end; and was willing to take passage in one of Erricson's caloric propellers, attached to an aeronautic ship, to launch forth into the immensity of space, and soar to more hospitable realms, and bid farewell to the world. He once more gazed abroad, and thought he saw the rising

black smoke from a steamer's chimney. In haste he left.

This digression is inserted for the satisfaction of Eugene Sue, who seemed so interested in behalf of the Wandering Jew, that he wrote two books about him; and but let out darkness, for his readers knew less about the Wandering Jew after reading his history of him, than they did before ever hearing of the character. I should ever have believed that some of the poisonous drugs had been administered to him, had I not encountered the strange character in our mountains.

We were in hopes Bulwer would have given us some clue to everything that was novel and interesting pertaining to hidden mysteries; and that the world would never again make a call for a novel, as he so monopolized the term "my novel," that none of us should ever again claim one, as my novel, for the fear it might be supposed to be Bulwer's alluded to; and in the monopoly he was illiberal, or we had the right to expect that the fund of novelty would have been exhausted by the illustrious novelist; instead of that, he has given us no novel at all, meaning thereby, I suppose, that *he* is no longer an approver of novels; for if what he claims as *his* novel exclusively, is no novel, "quod erat demonstrandum," the only novelty in the novel—we might say, is, its containing no novelty.

Travel, certainly, is desirable ; it affords a very great satisfaction, and he who has been a considerable traveller, is frequently considered a claimant of consideration, if for no other reason. But when indulged in like this Wandering Jew, we are then no longer the traveller but the wanderer, and we become an object of curiosity, instead of one of admiration; and when new to this excess, it unfits us for the more reasonable happy life of domestic enjoyment—for which, if one's taste is cultivated, and circumstances adapted, there can be found no parallel. But let us cultivate a liberal spirit for "Quot homeines tot sentential," it is best too, undoubtedly, that some should make choice of the high seas; some of the sea-board; some of the mountains; and others, the wiser majority, for the middle country, where the greatest amount of advantages can be had. Why need a spirit of seeming contempt be cherished on the part of either section? It is, though, with these, as it is with the professions, and all of the pursuits of life.

You will find a species of aristocracy in every department; even the wagoner walking the crowded streets, frequently entertains the most abiding contempt for those clothed in purple, and who feed sumptuously, denouncing them as drones upon society, never being mindful of the fulfilment of the injunction of their creator, that each one shall gain his living by the sweat of his brow; but con-

tent to subsist on the honest gains of other men. Every class claiming their own calling, as the most essential to the well being and prosperity of the world; this peculiar characteristic of selfishness is to be traced out into every ramification of society; even the soldier, he who is ever ready to wage war, whatever may be the pretext; sometimes for pay, for pillage, for renown. Human blood and carnage serves alone as a stimulus to arouse their energies and excite their inventive faculties. The hyena and jackall can make out as good a claim for consideration, unless self-defence be inculcated as the characterizing spirit, by which to be governed.

There was a period in the world's history, when might made right; and it doth appear we have made no advancement from the principle; the civilized or christian nations always had a perfect right to extend the area of their own domination, whether of freedom or despotism, over all barbarous countries, as Spain, England, and France did in the discovery of America. This pretext was admitted by learned jurists to be in accordance with the laws of nations, but agreeable to the last commentary on Vattel's law of nations, it seems the convention of jurists have determined that "manifest destiny" is hereafter to be the touchstone by which we are to determine the right to the extension of a country's area.

The Pope has been considered authorized to make the decision, if a country lacks the fortitude to do it for herself; the necessity of a nation being uncivilized, were not views sufficiently enlarged to suit the indomitable spirit of progress. And in pursuance of the manifest destiny of our appetites for *fish*, or *fishes*, as the case may be; we can appropriate to ourselves any shoals not defended by a stronger navy; with the same facility that the fisherman converts a shoal of fishes into barrels of fish. Now if Washington Irving fell from his dignity so far, as to ask whether sturgeons sprang out water by the elasticity of their own noses, or by the flounce of the tail, I might be permitted to ask at what juncture do fishes become fish? when the net encircles them, or when thrown into the fishing smack? or do they require to be deviscerated first? or when salted into the barrel? for it is true everywhere, that they are not fishes when they are barreled up in the groceries for sale; they always tell us that they have a fine article of fish. Perhaps the removing of the phosphorus by taking off the scales, is the process of rechristening; if so, catfish, cod, and eels, are not fishes, wherefore the plausibility of the old woman's declaring that the latter were not fish but snakes.

And now, since I have trespassed to such an

extent upon the patience of my reader, we trust our vocation will serve as an apology for our imperfections, in whatever violations we may have committed in orthography, punctuation, or rhetoric. It is not with the huntsmen as with one of the learned professions; we have no time for literary pursuits or embellishments of any kind; our aim is to throw out suggestions, that others may upon them build the superstructure. I will speedily close this chapter on salmagundy fooleries, and return to my tale.

I have but adopted the teaching of the schools on Hygeian pharmacy; their administerings vary to suit the peculiar idiosyncrasy of our race; change of water and diet to some; change of climate, leisure, or recreation for others; and physick in common. The latter, drugs and compounds, seemingly is the practice of most of authors; with Shakespeare's acknowledged ability, vulgarity is an acknowledged characteristic of his writings; fooleries and irrelevant matter, the merest drugs and compounds, with here and there, a dash of genius and elegance, have established for others the highest renown. Byron has buried a few fine grains in a heap of rubbish, by no means enriching the world. Swift and Sterne have done but little else—all standard authors. I grant the Lefevre story of the latter is surpassingly pa-

thetic and beautiful ; and I hope, whatever follies and sins I may have committed in my digressions, I will meet with the mercy which Lefevre's oath did, upon its being reported to the recording angel ; he wrote it down, "but dropped a tear upon the record, which blotted it out forever."

## CHAPTER XV.

I HAVE never found anything in the fascinating romances of fiction, half so attractive as the historical portions of the Old Testament, relating to Jacob and his twelve sons; Joseph was the most promising, it appeared, in the father's estimation; and, when the old man was deprived of this, his favorite son, he was moved to overflowing; after a time, as his grief became softened, his affections clustered around Benoni, his youngest, who also loved Joseph, without the slightest taint of envy; and this was the kind of disinterested love which Cassanio bore to his brother Rossius, his father's first hope, and he measured his father's love by his own, which enabled him to estimate properly the grief, which the sad tidings of Rossius would produce upon the father; he very naturally shrunk from the task of being the first to communicate the heart-rending intelligence. It was enough to bear the grief, which bore like an incubus upon his own bleeding heart.

He therefore gave Julius no rest until the promise was extracted to accompany him home.

The gala week of commencement was dragged heavily through with, by both Julius and Cassanio, bringing no tidings of the lost brother.

They arranged their matters, and left for the estate of Jerome Neopold, for this was the name of Rossius' father, and he was a brother of Theophilus Neopold, Manolia's father.

Julius' brain was racked the whole route, in devising schemes to divulge Rossius' miraculous disappearance. He concluded, finally, to divert the apprehensions of the parents, by telling the struggle for liberty that had aroused the people of the old world, and that Rossius had become so inspired with the love of liberty and humanity, that he had joined a company of volunteers, and gone on a crusade, across the waters, where probably he would win golden pinions, of which his friends would be proud, and give him a position at once, that years of toil in a profession would not achieve for him.

Cassanio thought this would be a very plausible story, as his brother was known to possess an indomitable ambition, provided he could wear a cheerful aspect; and this he thought he could do, provided Julius would consent to spend the whole of the vacation with him, for the time was but short before Cassanio had to return to college to rise junior.

The affability of Julius, and his plausible story, enabled him to succeed pretty well in his schemes; but the sister, whom we shall now introduce, by

the name of Iolia, was not so easily appeased; she dearly loved her brother, and ever flattered herself, that his feelings were identical with her own. She had promised herself much happiness after her brother's graduation and return home—she had chalked out a course of studies for herself, under his tuition, and selected many subjects upon which he was to lecture; and she expressed her astonishment, that his love for her could have been so easily smothered by the heterogeneous cries of liberty by the European press; who, if triumphant in their schemes, in trampling the tyrant under foot one day—the much blood spilt would scarcely be drank up by their thirsty old fields, before they again would be hurried into a state of anarchy and confusion—“and their last state would be worse than the first.”

“These,” said Iolia, “were his views—I have heard him express them; and it is impossible that he could have been so suddenly overwhelmed with enthusiasm for suffering humanity, as to have so far forgotten his Iolia, I am at a loss to determine, and not even sent her the scratch of a pen. Julius, if thou lovest him, as Cassanio says thou didst, you can make excuses for a sister's weakness.” She weeps, and kisses Cassanio, and seeks the consolation of a fond, idolizing mother—and such a mother was she, as Manolia could scarcely boast of, nor the world beside—she was possessed

of those rare endowments, such as nature rarely bequeaths unto the same individual—talents, tenderness, energy, and softness, with a spirit commensurate with the highest undertakings, physically, or morally—and in the same mould was the jewelled Iolia cast, but enshrined in a casket of more rare beauty.

No one of Julius' susceptibility, accomplishments, and taste, could resist for a moment; he now, for the first time, was enabled to appreciate the impulses which had so moved Rossius. Julius had read many of the romantic teachings of beauty—the soft, melting blue eye, the luscious black, the ever-varying gray; but as yet, he had no conceptions of the bluish hazle, surpassing all descriptions he had yet read, characterizing intelligence and affection, harmoniously blended with amiability and modesty.

When Julius first consented to accompany Casanio home, and spend the short vacation with him, he expected to have dragged through with the time very heavily; but after a few days had passed, he found such attractions in Iolia, as he had never met with before; her rare beauty, grace, and personal accomplishments, he had not found monopolized by one individual in so eminent a degree.

She entertained him with music, and excursions upon the river, in the park among the deer—the

comforts and elegancies of the stately mansion, with massy colonades, pilasters, and chaste verandahs, affording promenades on every side; a garden, and shrubbery too of rare delights, and exquisite sweets, with a saloon of vines in the centre, so matted all over with flowers of every variety, affording such protection, that it invited every woodland songster from a distance;—the mocking-bird gave forth continually; the twitter humming bird dispelled dull care, whilst it sipped the nectar from each opening flower; the crimson red-bird, with its shrill notes, and occasionally the jay thrustured his jocund head, and paid his nodding obeisance in the most uncouth salutations, contributing in no small degree in adding to the amusement; he ever pushes himself forward as the general critic, yet he is most criticised—all contributing to enliven the scene. Scarcely an evening past that Iolia did not join this merry group. Julius soon found out the hour for the assembling of the happy conclave. He had dreamed of elysian fields beyond the waters of sorrow, but nothing so bright and gilded ever appeared to him before, as such a home as this one of Iolia's; and now his highest ambition was to become a constant participant in this paradise of joy.

Hope is ever casting about for some floating plank upon which to cling; and Julius' exalted conceptions of Iolia's superhuman endowments,

almost placed her beyond the reach of his most ambitious aspirations; but the loss of Rossius to the family now became the pivot upon which his wished-for achievements rested; there was a vacuum sensibly felt by the whole family, which tarnished every household enjoyment, and the hope of being able to repair this breach, was the only stimulus upon which Julius' hopes clung.

With Cassanio he knew the task was not a difficult one, and upon him he plainly discovered the sister's love had become more closely knitted, and before he left, he made known to Iolia, "that his long cherished affections for Rossius, had so endeared Cassanio unto him, as well as yourself, my dearest Iolia, that I have been unable to resist Cassanio's entreaties to spend his next vacation with him; to substitute in part the place of his absent brother."

"Thou wouldst receive a more hearty welcome, I assure you, Julius, if thou couldst bring back with you the prodigal son, and let him act out his own part; you might then still play your own, with the additional claim on our gratitude, thereby not in the least impairing the claims you have on our welcome. We are never so much interested in a substitute as the original; you would find a more hospitable welcome among us; for thine esteem for Rossius, and his for thee, would but attract and incline our feelings to you more firmly;

thou, therefore, need'st not be envious of Rossius' monopoly."

"Such assurances," replied Julius, "but increase the esteem I already have for Rossius; and being inclined so strongly to what thou teachest, I shall spend my life in seeking out thy brother, and rival thee in my esteem for him, since thou hast taught me the secret of gaining thy favor."

"Thou shouldst not have told me," said Iolia, "that thy love for Rossius is otherwise than of a disinterested character."

"Thou hast fairly caught me," said Julius, "in my own trap; but here comes Cassanio, let us have his speculations—if he is without experience. Tell us, Cassanio! to what extent does the divisibility of love admit? does it run 'ad infinitum,' as it does with matter."

"If it does," said Cassanio, "I should be but poorly content with but one of the infinitudes; if I ever find a girl to love—I shall expect no experiments on her part as to its infinite divisibility."

"Am I to infer, then," replied Julius, "if thy brother is ever restored, that I am to be forever forgotten?"

"By no means; thy sympathies will ever be cherished, a remembrance of which would but raise thee in our esteem; and I know I would love my brother more than ever; it would be like

damming up a stream, the volume and force increased thereby."

Said Julius: "Thou dost seemingly affirm one thing, and straightway arguest to the contrary."

"But I would have you understand, that our hearts are susceptible of two emotions. Julius, thou art not the novice thou pretendest to be, our love of kindred and friends, militateth not in the heart against our love of beauty and worth in another sex; in fact, the degree of ardor in the one, implies a corresponding fervor in the other; like our intelligence, the studying and mastering one language or science, increases the facility of our acquiring a knowledge of another."

"Thou art a very professor," replied Julius, "I'll profit by thy teachings; thou speakest too knowingly, not to have gone through the fiery ordeal of experience; thy sister, probably can tell of the fair one under whose teachings thou hast become so ripe a scholar; thou art by far better entitled to a diploma than I, though I have got two years the run of you."

"Your experience," retorted Cassanio, "has taught you to know that discretion is the better part of valor, and thou feignest ignorance to evade suspicion."

"Since then," said Iolia, "you both are impressed so fully in each other's prowess, I propose that you join in a sort of holy alliance for your

mutual benefit; no fortress, I am sure, could long withstand your assaults."

Says Julius: "If Iolia would consent to become a tripartite in the treaty, we will enter forthwith into bonds of mutual obligation, and then I am persuaded, the combined forces, from whatsoever quarter, would prove as unavailing as an assault upon Gibraltar."

Says Iolia: "I don't so well understand these tripartite obligations; they don't so well suit the genius of our republic—I prefer being left untrammelled, free to act in reference to emergencies and inclination as may be consistent with my own notions of what I may consider as being my manifest destiny. The decision of two, might enforce upon the third, the necessity of reviving the obsolete doctrine of nullification in self-defence."

"Iolia," said Cassanio, "thou art ever so given to political allusions, that all of thy dissertations doth end in state matters. I expect soon to hear of your lecturing in behalf of woman's rights, or political economy."

"I propose she does," added Julius; "and that domestic economy be added to the subject, and I'll take a season ticket; as each science I expect soon to give my attention to."

"If you will return with Rossius," replied Iolia, "I'll promise to accept the appointment, and prepare myself to accomplish you both in all the

essentials of a congressman, such as manifest destiny, the internal improvements as to inland seas, rotation in office, constructive renown in the public councils better than established, so also are any of the constructives. But as to the woman's rights association, the intellectual, respectable portion of American ladies have determined that there must be a decided improvement in the political complexion of our legislators, before they will condescend to an association; in fact, we are too jealous of becoming *public servants*—we are too fond of reigning."

Said Julius: "Thou appearest to be so well posted, Iolia, that I am strongly inclined to hold you to the engagement, and in the event of a failure, the forfeit to be assessed by the opposite party. From lectures I have ever received the greatest advantage, it is the most pleasing way of receiving instruction, and I have found it more abiding than from any other source. And when the duties are performed by one in whom we are interested, and take pleasure in listening to, then it is that the subject becomes doubly interesting, and every sentiment and word doubly appreciated; and in addition to the information we gain, we are improved in elocution."

"Well," replied Cassanio, "I'll only take a half season ticket, so as only to remain half through each performance; I much prefer taking it in

broken doses, if this is your proof sheet, for my patience has been exhausted this half hour. The birds have all been sung to sleep. Now I begin to hear those everlasting notes of the whippoorwill; they will prove your staunch customers, if your lectures are held at night; they will dance to the music all night, as the Ohio boatmen to the broad day-light—let's adjourn.

The last interesting scene was acted upon the mossy ottoman, covered o'er with the sweet scented *berbenæ* under the garden saloon, so canopied over with vines of every variety, which grow with such luxuriance in our southern temperature; the variegated and white honey-suckle, the different *multa floras*—yellow and variegated, the cerulean-colored ladies' bower, woodbine, jessamines, &c., &c., encircled by the sensitive mimosa, now also in full bloom—a well bred tree ever so mindful of anything like rudeness; like the sensitive briar, they retire to rest at an early hour, enforcing upon us the old adage, for they are richly covered over with blooms and filled with exhalations; and at this hour, the gray of the evening, the atmosphere is more richly impregnated with the combined sweets, than a Persian saloon with their fragrant extracts of the East.

This conversation in the garden took place the evening before Julius and Cassanio were to have left, and to the casual observer, happiness and

contentment reigned in their midst, but the cloud of portentous blackness and discontent had not yet set, and its angry fury was now to rage higher still. It became a great struggle for the parents and sister to consent that the latter should be separated to return to college, as much as they appreciated a liberal education. Says the father, upon the entrance of Cassanio and Iolia into the room where the parents sat :

"I feel the affections almost, that came upon Jacob, when the demand was made on him to let Benjamin be taken to Egypt. Rossius is gone—and perhaps Cassanio will be taken. I know not my dearest, what to say as to your brother's leaving in the morning," was the father's reply to Iolia's tears, as she approached him. "Thou must tell him," continued the father, "what a desolation would come over his Iolia's heart, if anything should happen unto him; and that he ought, too, not to be unmindful of his kind loving parents, if perchance anything should befall him; this noble boy, Julius," continued he, "has promised to try and ascertain something more definite concerning thy brother, and if he can possibly get on his track he will pursue him, he says, unto the end; and he assures me, if ever he can overtake him, he knows his influence, with an appeal of the reminiscences of home, and his loved ones, could not fail to move his heart and bring him home."

## CHAPTER XVI.

IN the preceding chapter, we have fallen far short in our pencillings, of giving adequate conceptions of the lights and shades, the sunshine and darkness, that at times enlightened and enshrouded the domestic horizon of the Neopold mansion. Julius, answering to the dove on her mission, sent forth in search of the olive branch of peace, and joy.

“Great God!” exclaimed Julius to Cassanio, as they journeyed on their way back to college, “upon what a slender thread hangs everlasting things—upon smaller issues have the destinies of man been suspended! My all is dependent, as it were, upon the cast of the die; and thou knowest, Cassanio, what suggested to me the plot of reconciliation my imagination devised to appease the emotions of your anxious parents and loving sister. Rossius had so often felt and expressed to me the inspirations which Kossuth’s eloquence had excited in his bosom for suffering humanity. Eternal hope! inspiring thought!” said Julius, “this ‘it was that led me to substitute this highly problematic story in lieu of my fearful apprehensions; for I do most dread the issue; public sen-

timent is too often in the right: and *that* has long since sealed thy brother's fate."

"But I know him so well; Cæsar might have borrowed from him ambition's calling. He preferred the doom of Helena's exile to the humiliating execrations of a contemptuous world. He dreaded less sacrificing himself in Tallulah's yawning chasm, than to meet the taunts of a heartless world; and I think it possible that, if his search for his 'belle of beauty' proved unavailing, and it turned out an 'ignis fatuis'—these were his apprehensions; and he has turned his face towards a foreign land."

"So soon as we reach the telegraph line I will send a messenger. It may meet his eye, and arrest his movements. I will then make for the mountains; perhaps some hunter can give an account of him, that will put me on his trail."

"Julius, I must go with you," interrupted Cassanio.

"It is altogether needless, for you will be of no service, and might but serve to retard my progress, in losing time in waiting for you, if I should hear something, and you in search in another direction.

After reaching college, Julius remained only long enough to equip himself, and send off his winged messenger.

When Julius reached the Tallulah's wilds, he determined to put up his horse at a neighboring huntsman's cabin; and if he could gather no intelligence, to take his knapsack and scour the heights and depths, over which it was impossible to ride. Possibly he would meet with some huntsman or fisherman, on the river, who could give some account of Rossius.

When reaching a secluded cabin, which he entered and made known his mission, Old Gray-beard manifested the slightest concernment, and replied: "I have heard tell of no such youth. Them ravens you hear screaming over yon chasm can give you some account of him, likely, if they would; for none of you lowlanders can feel your way long down Terrora's dangers, and come off with whole bones, I can tell you, my lad; and unless you think the loss of two of you is better than the life of one, I advise you to go back home. If you would know his bones, I venture I can show 'em to you in Wild Cat's Den, alongside Bull Sluice Mountain, down Tugalo a piece; for all the carcasses lodge down thar, gin the giant's arm chair. The ravens find them first; and after they have eaten of 'em, at night the wild cats scent them up, and drag them out to their den, for their young ones."

"Do show some sort of humanity," replied Julius. "You hunters become so fond of blood,

and butchery, that it matters not, I believe, what sort."

"Well it don't much," replied Graybeard, "when we have worried over these mountains all day, and found no buck—to see what a hole our bullets can cut."

If Julius' physical courage had been less than one of Georgia's best bloods, he would probably have shrank from wandering alone in the midst of these wilds, where bullets so often grew thirsty for blood, and no ways choice as to its character. He had heard, too, that some relics of the aborigines, who were too well known to be exasperated against the whites for the treatment they had received, were occasionally seen climbing the steeps with their rifles upon their shoulders.

But Julius would have incurred the most hazardous undertaking, with the most remote probability of achieving something; that in the event of success Iolia's smiles would have been his reward; and this now became the mainspring of action with Julius.

He set out on foot alone towards the falls. When he had got a short distance from the cabin the old hunter cried out:

"Look here, young stranger, if you don't get back in a week I'll claim your horse, saddle and bridle; and I tell you of a certain, so soon as you

get out of sight I'll begin to claim 'em, and feel that they are mine."

Upon reaching the falls, he first cast his eyes across the abyss of the enchanted rock, upon which the fairy was first seen. The appalling majesty of the scene was greatly magnified, thought Julius; his loneliness, and a swell of the river from rains, had greatly increased its deafening thunderings. He determined to cross over, then down.

After ascending the banks of the river for miles—following the footsteps of Rossius as he supposed—he finally succeeded in crossing the stream, and eventually reached the opposite heights without making any discovery. He passed on farther down the river, the precipice being too great to allow of his descending to the water. Finally, he came to a meeting of the waters, which his knowledge of geography told him was the junction of the Tallulah with the Chattooga, forming the Tugalo. He had been descending for a half mile a gentle slope down to the water's edge. He seated himself on Tallulah's bank, fatigued, and at fault, looking up and down, and across upon Rockcliff's heights. While thus meditating upon what should be his future plans, immediately opposite to where he sat, he discovered a human figure, with rifle in hand, approaching the water's edge in a most stealthy manner,

as if wishing to avoid being seen. His appearance, movements, and complexion, indicated the Indian, Julius thought; however, he determined to let no opportunity escape him. So he cried out—wishing to know how to cross over. The mountaineer immediately put into the river, and forded over to where Julius was; but before reaching the shore he discovered him to be an Indian of most athletic and bold appearance. As the Indian planted the first foot upon the bank, he raised his head, and addressed Julius thus:

“Young man, I was seated across on yon rock when I saw you descending this long slope; at first I took you for a wild lad, who some time since took a liking for those stubborn rocks above, on this river; or something or other he saw about them; and I can tell you, my lad, this is not the first time old Sugar-lip has cried to me for his blood: and you see here (pointing the muzzle of his rifle for Julius to look in) it takes no little to satisfy her cravings.”

Says Julius: “I am not the youth you refer to, but am his friend, and in search of him; and if thou canst give me any report of him I am glad to meet thee, if your old rifle is athirst for blood. I can tell thy rifle, and thee, to boot, that my blood is of too friendly and cold a character to appease the thirst of the blood-thirsty. *Such* delight to drink the boiling blood from an enemy’s

heart: thy powder and ball would be thrown away on me."

"I confess," replied the Indian, "on near approach, I discovered you were not the right sort of game; and see now, thou art not the lad who called himself Rossius."

"Oh! venerable old chief," interrupted Julius, "tell me something of that boy; for *he* is the dear friend I am now in search of. Did any evil befall him? Tell me all—and place me under the most lasting obligations."

"If," said the Indian, "I had sooner seen this friend of yours, and knew beforehand what trouble he would occasion to my blessed child, this old friend of mine (patting his rifle) would have known no other game; but as I found out the thing too late—for the mischief was all done—I went over on the cliffs where the youth ranged, and held a talk with him, and got him off."

"Then nothing has happened to him?" asked Julius.

"Nothing, so far as I know," replied the savage, "excepting he appeared to be very sorrowful, and sick at heart, and inquired of me the route to what he called the Queen of the West. I at first thought him beside himself, and wanted to find out some Indian queen of our western tribes; for I know thy hungry race had driven off all of the rightful owners of these Atlantic states, across many wa-

ters, away beyond the far west, where yon sun of light forever sets. I refused to go with my tribe, because I preferred the early morn of his first rising. But I will tell you what he meant by this queen which he spoke of—it was a great city on the Ohio river, which he so called, because of her beauty and shining magnificence, so far excelling the other towns of the west. He told me that he expected to meet a great orator there, who came from away beyond the great waters, into which all of our rivers flow. I told him the best I knew what route to take:—To first make for the country, our people in olden times called the land of blood, known to you as Kentucky. This fine country was once the paradise of hunters, and so called from the much blood that was spilt upon its soil, both of men and beasts—the different tribes of Indians had many a hard-fought, bloody battle, in trying to maintain supremacy over this favored land. To this day, I am told, the rains from heaven have never been able to wash out the stains of blood from its soil, the earth is yet said to be crimsoned o'er.”

Inquired Julius: “Where did you last see him, and what direction did he take?”

“The last time I saw him, we parted above this, on Terrora’s Heights: he went up stream, and I followed down to this point, and crossed over to where you saw me put into this stream. I have

heard nothing of him from that day to this. If thou canst find him, it's more than I expect, for he put off at a desperate pace. Farewell, my lad."

"But," says Julius, "stay yet longer, old chief, and answer me a few more questions." Oothla-coochy was fairly into the stream, crossing to the bank he had come from; but replied—

"I have no time for any more chat; I have told you all thou canst get from me, and what I have told you is the truth."

Julius paused: "Glorious thought! what a happy coincidence; thus far my conjectures are substantiated; I will follow them out to the letter, perish all in the attempt." So saying, he rose and cast up his eyes to see where the sun was, and discovered he had sunk behind the mountain on the opposite side of the river. "I shall be overtaken by darkness before I can reach the point where I crossed. These wild solitudes appear to me as if they were frequented by other rude customers, than hunters and Indians; I have heard of other thirstings after human blood, than old rifle-barrels—let there come weal or woe, Julius! let us act out the man throughout this drama."

## CHAPTER XVII.

SINCE the "*fast*" portion of our community are so on the increase, as to begin to count noses; for it has not been ten years since none were reckoned under the head but boys who had drawn on boots too soon, and misses in their teens, who took hold of novels to find out how they ended; but in our day, their numbers have so increased, that a due respect for minorities should prompt some of us to write, or have published a book, upside down, for their special benefit—politicians will not long be unmindful of their claims to catch their votes. If I were so inclined, I believe I would close just here, by way of doing the thing up half-way "brown," just to a "turn," to save them the trouble of looking for a conclusion; however, we will proceed further with our tale, but abbreviate as much as possible, and not write as romance writers do generally, merely to "fill up," as the farmer said, (being short,) when he pounded up the cobs to throw in the manger, to mix with his horses' feed.

The reader will perceive we have left three of our interesting characters within hearing of the crack of old Oothlacoochy's rifle. Rossius was

left upon the cliff, Manolia descending to the hidden valley, and Julius not far off.

When Manolia perceived Oothlacoochy eying her and Rossius, she immediately descended the rope ladder, and Rossius lost sight of her. He wandered for many days among the rocks up and down the river, but never could hear a word concerning the object of his solicitude—her in whom all his hopes and prospects of happiness were concentrated; he met with no one but the old Indian, whose attention could be even arrested concerning the maid of the rocks.

Old Oothlacoochy had, as he intimated to Julius, met Rossius in his solitary wandering, and to all of his interrogatories concerning the beauty girl, the Indian assumed an air of indifference, as well as ignorance;—he told Rossius, if he wanted to find his girl, he had better set out for the low country, and make his search among the alligators, frogs, and terrapins; for he understood that upon such diet the lowlanders lived, and she was to-day probably in those swamps with her lasso, to provide for a hasty plate; “for,” said he, “they are in the habit of coming up among us and pitching their tents around these falls, or below in some cool valley, and spending the hot season. She, of whom you inquire, I tell you, young man, came from below—and now this is past the season for them to return· take my advice, young man,

and don't be wasting your time to no purpose."— And then the conversation took place which, in the preceding chapter the Indian related to Julius.

When Rossius became quite persuaded by the old Indian, that all was lost to him, he became overwhelmed with feelings bordering on desperation—like the drunken debauchee, from the high state of excitement, ready to plunge into deeper, darker shades of excess and wretchedness, with the delusive hope of smothering the agonizing conflicts of which his soul is possessed.

Ah! Rossius, thou art rushing to where thou knowest not, and carest less, with the desperation of him who rushes into danger with closed eyes.

Here now we have exposed the rock, upon which oft have been wrecked the parents' fondest hope, a sister's pride of existence, a student brother's whispering monitor, and upon the issue of this great storm of life depends his destiny.

It is not love, or its results, that always bring on this convulsion, (as is familiarly termed the sowing of one's wild oats,) indulgence in dissipation, losses, &c., with different individuals, lead to the verge of this maelstrom, from which so few make their escape.

But if once the teachings of philosophy and reason can get the ascendant before habit can seal his fate, the youth may pass through the fiery ordeal unscathed.

—Rossius continued heedless of where he was going, until he found himself at the fountain head of Tallulah's waters—a draught of the pure, cold, gushing fount, sobered his thoughts; and after meditating upon the striking identity of the rugged, torn-up, shapeless, helterskelter confusion of nature's doings among which he had been wandering, in comparison with his own distracted soul—he suddenly rose from the contemplation, and indulged in the following parody:

“I am yet half sick—ye mountains! tossed and twisted about by a fortnight's gale, on love's restless waves; my giddy brains are still turned round, as in a whirlpool, and this gigantic country seems yet to tremble beneath my wavering steps. Alas! there is no ray of hope left for me. O! Kossuth, as thou expressed for thy own bleeding, beloved native land, I know not else what to do, but to intercept thee, on thy march through the west. I shall meet thee on the beautiful Ohio, and perhaps thy inspiring eloquence, and undying hope, will be able to lift my sinking soul yet, above this Moscow storm, under which I have been so oppressed for so many days, by its engulfing threatenings.” After thus soliloquizing he departed.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

MANY months have elapsed, and—poor child of nature—the world has been unmindful of the suffering, bleeding heart of our beloved Manolia.

She had no one to whom she could go to, and confide in, and reveal the cause of her afflictions. The dread of wounding her parents' feelings, and her timid modesty, forbade that she should ever appeal to their sympathies, and no relief could be obtained from any quarter. She was truly an emblem of what we do read of "Patience sitting upon a monument smiling at Grief; for she felt as if surrounded by desolation, with no kindred spirit to whom she could go and confide in, and tell her tale of sorrow. She lingered among the flowers and rippling streams, which gushed forth from the mountains, which surrounded the valley—almost secluding herself from her parents' caresses, as she was wont to do—reading, such as she now preferred from choice, were selected from the shelves of romance, and love's thrilling sensibilities; which but served to stamp deeper and deeper the "sear and yellow leaf" upon her bleeding heart and damask cheek. "O! world of woe and discontent, thou art unmindful of Manolia's

happiness; and with each returning day, with all thy gorgeous splendors, thou oppressest her with a gloom more cheerless still. My former delights have all forsaken me; and my excursions, which ever so elated me—a return from which but increased my delight, of the gladsome welcome and caresses of my dear parents; they now, too, doth converse to themselves, denying to their daughter the nestlings she ever received unsought. But yonder comes the old Indian. I will approach and reveal to him my secret. Perhaps he possesses an amulet that will perchance dispel all this gloom which doth so oppress me.” With inspired hope and assumed cheerfulness she approached Oothlacoochy and thus addressed him:

“Why is it, Oothlacoochy, thou dost continually refuse to take me up upon the rocks where I so loved to roam. I have often asked thee, but thou hast ceased to love thy Manolia. Thou used to call me thy daughter; but now I am no other than my father’s and mother’s. I have been cast off by thee, and I know not the cause; let me again become thy child, and confide in me as thou wast wont to do in days past. Do tell me, and I will relate to you all that *he* said to me; and tell you besides of the discontent he has occasioned to thy daughter. This appeal had the desired effect; and the old chief became moved, and replied: “Manolia, my child, thy foster father

knows love for none other on earth excepting for his Manolia; and to-day, to mend her broken, blighted happiness—which for so long a time has appeared to Oothlacoochy like the withering flowers after being touched by ungracious winter—I would mount yonder thunder mountain, and smile, in baring my bosom to receive all the thunderbolts and fiery forked shafts that have been playing upon its summit since the world began; but if thou wilt listen I will tell thee all. When I told thy parents of what thou alludest to, they cautioned me never again to take thee up those dangerous heights, for two reasons, thy safety in both considered. The youth I sought, and found; and told him *you* again he would not see, for that you came from below; and that he must there search, if he would find thee. He finally left, with much suffering, to know where he could meet thee.”

“Oh! could I once more see him,” said Manolia. “He told me where he lived. He lives below, on the shores of this our lovely stream; but where its size is much increased and beareth a different name. I always loved thee, thou ever shining, melodious stream! But since that Rosius has lived to bathe in thy embraces, I scarcely know whether to love thee more, or be jealous of thy advantages—though he proffered me thy privilege, and I knew not how to accept.

“He described to me his home. It doth far exceed all that thou ever dreamest. He told me, too, of his sister—the image of thy Manolia, but I think much fairer—for I doth love her e’en more than my own dear self. If thou, Oothlacoochy, wouldst go with me, thy love for her would compensate thee. If thou lovest thy Manolia, as thou sayest, thou would know no difference between us. And he also described a large, beautiful Indian mound on the river’s edge, which marks his home—where thy ancestors lived, and where their spirits still dwell. Say, old chief, let’s visit thy kindred home; do permit us to be borne in this little boat on the bosom of these lovely waters to where he lives.” She sighs, and continued: “My parents thou knowest I do love above all the world besides; but they will never consent to our going. They will be held in suspense but for a few days—thou canst so soon return on foot, after thou hast landed me with that other self of mine—her name, too, is so like mine—*Iolia*—I know with her I would be safe and happy. On your return you could give assurances to my parents of my safety and speedy return.”

To which the Indian replied: “I feel almost persuaded by thy eloquence; and the love I have for thee, Manolia, doth operate still farther. We must not delay; for thy loving parents doth apprehend all things concerning thee from the in-

tent of their love. "Coming events cast their shadows before them." Hold yourself in readiness by the next full of the moon, that we may be advantaged by her light on our voyage. I will have all necessaries in readiness, as if going on a hunting excursion. You adjust your clothing sufficient, and such as will screen you from the damps of night; for thou must sleep in the boat while I paddle you safely through the shoals all night; and when thou art first missed by thy parents we will have gained one-fourth of our journey."

"You have but just time," continued the Indian, "to observe what is our custom upon the approach of great advents; which is to wear the amulet.\* I will provide you with a square piece of birch bark, which possesses more talismanic virtue than your paper upon which you write. It is of the outer, scaly portions of the same bark we make our light canoes of, which has saved many a *brave*, it being so light it can run in any depth of water; moreover, one man can shoulder the canoe and launch it again where suits his convenience. The portion of bark I will give you is thinner than the paper you use—softer, and of a flesh color.

\* The writer would here remark that this was also the Persian custom.—See *Encyclopedia Americana* (abracadabra).

Less observable upon it do you write the magic triangle thus :

A b r a c a d a b r a  
 A b r a c a d a b r  
 A b r a c a d a b  
 A b r a c a d a  
 A b r a c a d  
 A b r a c a  
 A b r a c  
 A b r a  
 A b r  
 A b  
 A

“Fold it up so as to hide the inscription, and suspend it about your neck; the amulet to be worn at the heart, stitched and suspended with a scarlet thread. The ninth morning before sunrise—which must be the morning before we set out—you must approach the water’s edge of some stream running to the east—our Terrora is just such a one—and turn your back to the stream—being observed by no one—and throw the amulet into the river. This will insure success in our expedition.”

“Honor bright!” replied Manolia. “And I will leave a note on my table, telling my parents that I was anxious to see beyond this vale, and away over the mountains, and concluded to take a hunting excursion with you.”

## CHAPTER XIX.

IN the solitude of moonlight, drifting upon the white, foaming waters of the ocean-bound Tugalo, ah! thou jewelled treasure, thou yet may prove the charmer of a world's admiration, and the solace of life to some of thy race. Manolia's heart became too full, and thus she spake:

“Farewell! farewell, my venerated parents! again, farewell! A long adieu, hallowed spot of earth, my sacred vale, adieu, adieu—perhaps, forever! Adieu, ye woods, ye cliffs and chasms! Yon browsing fawn, to thee, too, adieu! Thou art so beautiful and innocent, that I know not how the huntsman can so butcher thy kindred! Ye waters, too, but, ah! we go together! Yet I feel myself a poor exile, though thou art with me. Are there none—not one—to weep a tear, but thee, for poor Manolia? But perhaps her morn of joy yet lingers, where thy dancing waves will carry *her* and her playful barque! Upon thy merry waves I have taken so many excursions with my unrequited father! *Him* we have left behind, and my weeping mother!—we, on a pilgrimage; *thou*, to the blue ocean wave; and *I*, alas! I know not where! If I am sad, thou doth unto me smile, and smile, as though filled with

love and joy! Ye lovely waters, I see that thou art not unmindful of my loneliness—for thou dost all that thou canst! My own dear self I see reflected—Manolia, I do see deep down alongside yon silvery moon—why can't she speak?"

(Manolia sings.)

“Flow on, flow on, thou silvery stream;  
Flow on, flow on, thou shining stream;  
Flow on, flow on, thou roaring stream;  
Flow on, flow on, to the ocean wave.

Swell the waves, swell the waves, thou silvery stream;  
Swell the waves, swell the waves, thou shining stream;  
Swell the waves, swell the waves, thou roaring stream;  
Swell the waves, swell the waves.”

The scene, circumstances, and loneliness of night upon the waters, all conspired to impart an additional melody to her tuneful voice, which started the tears of old Ironsides himself—the old, dried-up founts of the savage, with all of the stern philosophy belonging to his race, for a cold endurance of every pang, physical and mental, was unhinged of its shackles, and he wept as a child. “He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.”

Manolia's heroism was now put to its utmost; but who can measure to what extremities the vibrations of woman's heart will hurry her; hope, never-failing hope, nature's great sustaining, propelling power the never-dying boon bequeathed unto the

human family by our Great Sustainer, buoyed up her energies, though a wanderer, desolate, and, as she thought, exiled from home.

The novelty of the occasion, and the excitement naturally produced from the regrets of the past, and the hopes of the future, totally banished sleep for the first night and the next day. The rapidity of the current, with the increased momentum given to the canoe, by old Oothlacoochy's skill with the paddle, hurried them on, surpassing their hopes. Night again came, and was far spent, when Manolia spoke thus :

"The moon doth countenance our expedition, far exceeding Manolia in love; she appears to be gliding in the waters, close by our side, teaching us a lesson of faithfulness, in the absence of my beloved parents, thou art mindful of the object of their solicitude, and hast come as divine tutelary for their exiled daughter; may thy beams grow brighter still in lighting her coming home. I almost wish, that the basin, into which these lovely waters have ever flowed, was now filled, and that her founts were exhausted, that, in gratitude, she might return with increased velocity, to cancel her obligation in like manner; then would Manolia gladly become thy rival. But, ah! he told me that these same waters, upon which I have so often sported, washed the shores upon which he

lived. He has searched for me I well know, and despairing of ever finding me, has left for his home and his friends. I knew he loved me, for he told me so, and his noble nature would have disdained a falsehood; and my parents loved me so well, that I was so taught to love myself so well, that Rossius is ever endeared to me for having loved Manolia as he declared he did.

"I will seek his home to let him know that I yet live, and have not been swallowed up by those angry floods, which he more than once told me would be my doom, unless I consented to go with him." Exhausted nature gave way, and Manolia falls to sleep.

The faithful, ever-vigilant savage continued, unmindful of slumber or fatigue. He steered his skiff again safely through the shoals and rocks, which would have been impossible without the light which the full-orbed moon afforded. The old chief beheld the rising sun over the eastern hills, and away down the river, on its western bank, he discerned something like a pyramid, rising from an extensive flat, and he thus exclaimed:

"I know now there is truth in the boy; for I see in the distance my fatherland, where sleep the spirits of the old braves—may nothing thou hast told, my child, prove less true."

This speech half-aroused Manolia, and she unconsciously said:

“Let it be as thou saidst yesterday—but, Roscius, though thou art seemingly gentle, thinkest that these mountains could hold thee, as thus you see they confine these waters?”

Her dream woke her; she raised up; her first exclamation was:

“Good morning, Oothlacoochy! good morning, bright-orbed sun!—it’s been told to me, thou art more intense in these southern climes, whence I am bound, than where I have always known thee—thou wilt then give forth a more distinct, intelligible shadow—mine, last night, from thy fair consort, answered in all things but the comfort of answering my questions; but now I see myself so plain, on yonder shore of this my Tallulah, now grown so wide and deep, that I almost fear its waters, and would gladly have thee, old chief, make instantly tō where my shadow looks so bright.” Upon the instant the canoe shot to the bank.

Manolia addressed the object on the beach, which she took for her own shadow, thus:

“My lovely self! surely thou canst tell me something. Oh! so lovely—I surpass my own dear self—so wondrous fair!—no wonder that he should have been so matchless, him whom I search, if these climes can so soon cause me to so far exceed myself. Manolia! my dear, but better self,” (addressing the object on the bank, which she took

to be her shadow,) "tell me, canst not thou inform me where I can find him?"

To which the following reply was made:

"My name, fair nymph, is not Manolia, but I am called Iolia. I heard my father, in much sadness, tell of his lost brother, of whom he has never heard after he reached the mountains many years since. When he left, he had a wife and an only daughter, but three years old; her name was Manolia, and just my age—my own dear cousin. Oh! how often I have sighed to meet thee—I wish thou wert her, for thou art so fair!"

Manolia said: "I took thee for myself, and calledst thee for whom I took thee; and still thou seemest to be so like myself, with increased attractions, that I must kiss thee, (advancing from the canoe,) to find if thou art other than Manolia's shadow." They kiss—again they kiss; and continued:

"I have been so excluded from the world in my raising, that this meeting doth appear to me so strange, having associated with none else than my parents, this old Indian chief, and the lost one I am now in search of, who vowed to me his undying love. Iolia, thou dost so strikingly resemble him, for which I will ever love thee, if thou dost prove another than myself, which I shall with difficulty realize. It's true, thy voice is not without variation from mine, as shadowed forth from Tal-





The Meeting of Manolia and Iolia.

lulah's rocks, and thy coral lips are sweeter by far than I have ever found my own."

To which Iolia replied :

"Come, go with me, my fair one, I will promise you that my dear mother and I will reveal to you, that thou art no other than Iolia ; for thy welcome shall be the same ; unless, perchance, you can incline her to your belief, that I am no other than thyself ; then, in that event, she will love you better than her own Iolia : and as I have so anxiously hoped some day to meet with this lost cousin of mine, I will substitute you for her, if thou shouldst prove to be another. Thou answerest well to what I thought, poetic dreams I had figured of her."

It may appear a little out of character, that Iolia should have been down upon the river at so early an hour ; her father's residence was not far off, and the romantic spot around the mound, and the number of Indian relics so frequently turned up and exposed, which she was fond of collecting to make additions to her cabinet, invited her down, and she selected the cool of morning for her walk ; and upon seeing the approach of so strange and unusual a sight, as a small skiff descending the river, she hurried close down upon the waters, and with amazement stood eying the two strangers, the sun just having risen above the trees on the

opposite side. Manolia never before having seen one so like herself, excepting her own reflection, all concurrent circumstances tended to complete the delusion with her, that the object on shore was none other than her own shadow.

The cordiality by which Manolia was received by Iolia set aside all restraint, and the two, as accustomed friends, hastened off immediately through the beautiful groves and shrubbery, along the white walk up to Jerome Neopold's mansion, not mindful of old Oothlacoochy, who sat in the canoe hearing every word of the conversation. His sagacity soon discovered to him, that this was the identical place described by Rossius, and Iolia was no other than his sister, whose refinement convinced the old Indian that no farther concernment for his charge was necessary. After the girls had left, he solemnly rose, and fastened his canoe safely to a sugar berry, and advanced towards the hallowed spot where rested the remains of his venerated ancestry; his contortions, pantomimes, and wailings, soon attracted the plantation of negroes around him; some of the more superstitious confidently believed that the spirit of one of the old warriors, which had been sleeping in the bosom of the mound for many centuries, had been awakened, and probably brought to life, to avenge the many sacrileges that had been committed upon their graves.

Of all nations of people on the face of the earth, none cherish the resting-place of ancestry with such reverential, holy feelings, as the wild American natives. The old Indian was so absorbed and devout in his obsequious rites, that he appeared unmindful of all surrounding objects, though a multitude had assembled around to witness the tragic show; finally, he suddenly broke off from his circuitous gymnastics, ran around the mound and ascended to its summit, where he spent the day in fasting and imploring the Great Spirit, as is their custom. After sunset, apparently laboring under the most solemn afflictions, he proceeded to the house, where he was cordially met by the inmates, some account of whom Manolia had already given, and she conjectured his delay at the mound.

Iolia's father was much interested in the old Indian, with whom he conversed until a late hour, ascertaining to his satisfaction, that Manolia was the daughter of his brother. Oothlacoochy was conducted to a room—the next morning he was gone, and no one could give any account of him.

## CHAPTER XX.

MANY months after the date of the commencement of our story, a young stranger was walking along one of the promenades of the crescent city, with his eyes fixed upon the pavement, in a state of abstraction, when a little carrier boy thrust into his face the morning's paper, crying out "buy a Picayune, something to interest you." Not being much accustomed to the stratagems of these boys to dispose of their papers, Rossius was startled, and believed he was recognized, and with avidity took the paper and searched it most critically, and soon discovered the telegraphic despatch: "Rossius hold on, Julius will soon join you."

He suddenly wheeled around in search of the newspaper boy, supposing the boy could tell him something of Julius, and the advertisement. The boy was "non est inventus," as might be supposed. This despatch had reached the city before Rossius did, and being apprehended by Julius, he instructed an acquaintance living in the city to give it publication until his arrival, knowing that Rossius would read the papers, but probably would never think of calling at the post-office for a letter, as he had given intimation to none of his friends concerning his plans.

The reader will recollect that we left Rossius at the parent fountain of the Tallulah River; from thence he struck a course north-west, traversing the two states known as the "Nurseries for American soldiers," (Tennessee and Kentucky) and finally reached the Belle city, on the north or right bank of the beautiful Ohio. The word Ohio means beautiful, and this river was so called from its wide transparent waters, and from its picturesque shores, being so beautifully scalloped by hills running in semicircles around the many lovely vallies upon its margin. Perceiving here, if he continued his contemplated journey, that his means must very soon "grow small by degrees, and beautifully less," and that he might visit all of the points of interest in the Mississippi valley, immediately contiguous to its waters, he conceived of the plan of working his passage down, until reaching the great western emporium, the Paris of America.

Rossius had not been long in New Orleans, before he understood pretty well the western character, and that it was not congenial with his refined, cultivated, sensitive, sympathetic nature. A man is but a unit in this western world, his life scarcely appreciated; if perchance he should fall overboard of one of their headlong, high-pressure, bellowing steamers, the cry of "A man overboard," is sung out with reluctance, so great is the

eagerness to fill out the measure of their "manifest destiny." The poor fellow overboard has only shown too much impatience by "plucking the fruit before it was ripe," and must abide its bitterness; if he had waited, time would have softened and mellowed the thing, and it would have fallen to his hand, according to the course of things; all hurry, bustle, as the scene was in Moscow, when the incendiaries were hurrying from house to palace, with their long light-wood torches upon their shoulders. "Live, sink, swim, or die," self-preservation is the first law of nature, and this being the only maxim taught, "perish credit, perish commerce, perish all," so the "cohesive properties," hold me and mine.

Rossius was not raised to such schooling; and though he had begun the study of law in New Orleans, he was fully persuaded that the genius of the people and his own sensibilities, had no affinity; and he had begun to cast about for a plausible excuse to justify his return home, without too great a sacrifice of personal dignity. His adventure among the rocks he continually recurred to; it would ever be to him like a fairy dream, of the most pleasurable reminiscence; but still it weighed him down like an incubus, overwhelming every pleasure of life.

While he was thus lingering in this condition of uncertainty and doubt, about the propriety of

returning home to his beloved fireside associations, he was startled by a sudden rap at his door.

"Walk in," cried Rossius.

"'Tis his voice," said Julius, hastily entering the room.

"Chum, old fellow," spake Rossius, rising hastily from his chair, "I am so glad to see you; if you had been conducted by the guardian angel of light, you could not have timed the thing better; be seated, old fellow, and let me tell you. Julius—old chum, thou knowest not the world of obligations this visit doth clinch unto thy fortunes if this 'child can ever be made to climb.'\* Come chum, tell me something. When did you last see Cassanio? did he say anything concerning home? Oh! I have been so long from them that my anxiety has become insupportable.

To which Julius replied:

"I saw them all, just before I left; they were all well, but held in anxious suspense concerning your safety. I have followed your trail, and you know the round and the time it must have taken."

"Certainly," said Rossius, "you must be equal to any old stag-hound, to have ever been so fortunate as to have struck my trail; and pray, where did you come across it?"

\* A student's phrase, meaning thereby, if fortune should ever favor him, and the opportunity is afforded he will not be unmindful of the obligations he owes unto Julius.

"Where your valedictory was made, I suppose, to the mountain goddess," replied Julius, and continued: "Thy brother forced me to go home with him, to tell the tale for him concerning your 'whereabouts,' which I did in the best manner my ingenuity could devise; and I was so cordially welcomed, that I believe in your absence I was mistook for you, and became so pleased with my new state, that I began to wish you had gone to California or Australia; however, I promised your friends, that I would endeavor to overtake you, and remind you of your obligations to them, and what a vacuum thy absence has produced among them, and that you must return immediately."

Says Rossius: "Thy arguments and pleadings may be spared for more 'special' purposes, for I am ready to confess judgment; but tell me where and how managed you to so find out my course."

"I returned to the falls," said Julius, "and wandered among them pretty much, I suppose, as you did—an old hunter told me, that I might find your bones in Wild Cat's Den on Bull Sluice Mountain, and he offered to show them to me, if I thought I could recognize them; but being deficient in anatomy, I declined going, thinking I might mistake some old buck's for yours. I next met an old savage, away down in the fork of the two rivers; he pointed his long, big-muzzled rifle into my face, and wanted to know if I

could tell how much blood it would take to satiate the thirstings of a stomach of such dimensions. I told him my blood would do nothing towards appeasing his thirstings, or his gun's, that it would be like drinking the ocean waters, that I was inclined to friendship, and was in search of a friend, and it would be a throwing away of powder and ball to spill my blood; he then immediately alluded to his having met you, and that he at first took me for you—he it was, who put me on thy track, by telling me all that he told you, and that when he last saw you, he prevailed on you to leave, which you consented to do, but with great reluctance;—he told me you steered up stream, had seen or heard nothing of you since. I then followed up the stream to where it was but a small rivulet, and next to its fountain source, and there it was I saw thy name inscribed upon the large beech, close at hand—and I exclaimed, 'spare, woodman, spare that beechen tree!' and named it the weeping fountain, at which I supposed thy valedictory was made. I then struck an air line for Cincinnati, and there too found your name upon the register-book of the hotel. You must have stopped at no other town until you reached here, I suppose?"

Says Rossius: "Since you are so expert at finding out routes, I'll procure for you the princi-

pal engineer's place on the Pacific and Atlantic Railroad, which will be providing for you a lifetime berth of honor and profit. You certainly must have come across a rod of divination to have been enabled to have worked out your course so exact, and to tell besides what I did. I actually did go into a sort of declamation at this weeping fount, as you have appropriately called it; for I must confess, on that trying occasion, hope forsook me, and I felt all o'er, the very shakings of an earthquake; and bid farewell to my undertaking."

"And," said Julius, "gave up the eagle to be one, or an 'ignis fatuis.'"

"No, sir," replied Rossius, "I wish it had so proven; I sought and found out the beautiful goddess of the cliffs—the vale of Tallulah she said was her home—upon inquiry nobody had ever heard tell of such a place. I conversed a great deal with her, and found her to be a girl of inimitable beauty, and of no ordinary endowments; her commanding elegance and brilliance are unrivalled, as far outshining the town and city fashionables I have seen here and elsewhere, as those majestic, terrifying works of nature outmeasure those of our low country rivulets—the greatest elevation on their banks being that made by the gopher of the pine woods. I know full well that it ever would be futile for me to attempt anything of an

accurate description of the girl; for that it would always be to the whole crowd of you, like the doctor's syllabub, 'a great, big, little thing, nothing at all almost hardly'—and it would be a perfect waste of time to tell of its being anything else. But I am candid to confess, whatever it may be in your estimation, I know enough to be assured, that my earthly happiness would be more complete in the possession of the 'Iris phantom,' as some of you called her, and I in destitution, than to be encircled by honors and riches without her. I yet entertain the hope, that some day or other she will be heard of; for such a gem must eventually be heralded forth to the world. Have patience and suspend your irony, we may yet live to see this 'thing of nothing,' shining forth the most brilliant star your eyes have ever yet beheld; but enough! every rose has its thorn. This subject suits not my present condition; yet I know full well it is to prove as inseparable from my existence as my own shadow. Our stay, Julius, in this eternal city, must be just so long, as to give you a bird's-eye view of its main springs, that you may realize what a babel it is. You perceive I have likened it unto two notoriously famed cities; one of ancient renown, and the other of modern times: the city of the seven hills, and modern emporium of the fine arts and fashion Rome was made up with adventurers of every

cast, and produced her Cæsars, who thought 'the prize of a crown, justifies the crime by which it was won'—this will explain to you their identity. I was strongly tempted, for the first time in my life, to yield to the fascinations of euchre, so universally the fashion on these floating palaces, and also in the city.

"The world of fashion, in our large cities, know not how it is, that one can be raised in the country, particularly a female, and shine with lustre in all the embellishments that mostly adorn their character—a casual observer would very naturally run into the same error, from judging of the facilities offered in cities for mental improvement, and developing personal elegance, being so profuse; such as libraries, public lectures, reading-rooms, associations, 'soiree entertainments,' are reckoned as the 'sine qua non' to a high finish. And when my own observation received a full demonstration of the futility of such cogent arguments, I confess I was somewhat staggered; but the very arguments offered can be used to the subversion of the opinion so generally entertained—these great facilities, which the cities offer, all tend to create artificial characters; we are by them allured into the opinions of others, our own resources become a dead letter, without which, one can never maintain a high position. The anxious student, it is true, may learn the 'verbatim et literatim' schooling

more effectually. The old grandmother said she never wanted her little grandson to go into the water until he had first learned to swim. The absurdity is just as great, to expect an analyzing, active mind, one capable of meeting emergencies, and making a leader, without being left upon its own resources. When a new question is sprung, the one begins to cast about for public opinion, the other for philosophical truths and the justice of obligations. A bell-wether will lead his flock over a precipice into sudden destruction. Native graces, too, when refined by education, and a self-consciousness of rectitude, are ever more commanding, than when artificially taught to certain observances, of wearing the feet, legs, arms, head, and general contour.

“If America were converted into a city, or either of our great cities could absorb every interest and evolve every opinion, as Paris is said to be ‘all of France,’ then our destiny would be truly appalling. You might find the statesman, who would as Cæsar did, thrice refuse the crown, but only the better to secure the diadem.

“This thing of deification, or hero worship, is so easily got up in our cities; which the most abject husbandmen in the country do utterly loathe as a degeneracy of the times, and a sacrifice of republican dignity; if such disgusting deification

as we sometimes witness, be consonant with our institutions and our age, then we need not deride the Hindoostans for their idolatrous worship of the great gun of Bijapoor, upon which they lavish their ointments and perfumes, and strew with flowers—a gun so large that five men may with convenience enter its muzzle. Tell me Julius, what route did you take after you lost my trail in Cincinnati?”

“I followed the currents, touching at all of the points I thought would have attracted thy interest—such as Louisville, the mouth of Spoon River, (as the Tennessee is called, from its resemblance to one in shape; the term Tennessee means spoon,) Cairo, the growing majestic town of Memphis, destined some day or other to rival the great capital of Egypt of old, of the same name—the heart and nucleus of our republic, run away with enthusiasm and enterprise; if the memory of Washington was not so essential to our harmony, this place would eventually become our capitol. I next stopped at the river of death, the Yazoo, thinking you were in a fit mood to meet its terrors face to face, and many other points; and when I reached this place, I hurried to the great St. Charles. You had been marked by the polished bar-keeper, for he had no occasion to refer to the register. I did not strike him so favorably; he

interrogated me as to my business with you, as if suspicious of my intent. 'Sir,' replied I, 'I am Rossius' friend, and anxious to meet him.' 'Waiter,' he sang out, 'conduct the gentleman to No. —.'"

The next morning, Rossius conducted Julius around to see the principal lions of the city, and upon reaching the wharf, where a world of vessels were presented. Says Julius :

"This reminds me of one of the big western new grounds covered over with deaded trees—the masts are so thick. Rossius, do you know why this is called the Crescent city?"

"Every one of whom I have asked, tells me, because, as you may here perceive, the course of the river forms a semicircle, something resembling a new moon or a crescent. But I have thought that this fickle stream, which is continually changing its course, may overcome this characteristic; which has surprised me, that its citizens have not thought to base its claims to its being crescent like, upon a principal more enduring and equally characteristic. Its growing, increasing commerce, is as illimitable as the extent and capacity of this great valley drained by hundreds of rivers, all flowing through this one channel."

"Now," says Julius, "I feel well repaid for the trip thou hast led me, and it will ever serve as

a pleasing memento in after life; and if you are willing, we will set out on the next train to the lake, from thence to the next gulph city of importance, at the mouth of the Alabama river; travelling upon its waters will afford me sufficient rest I hope—as the interpretation of its name ‘here we rest,’ originating as I am told, from an exclamation of the old chief of an emigrating tribe of Indians, when he reached the banks and rich flats of its placid waters, he involuntarily exclaimed ‘Alabama! Alabama!’ Then we may be considered as being homeward bound.”

## CHAPTER XXI.

WE must now invite the attention of our readers to the beautiful vale of Tallulah; once the abode of pleasure and uninterrupted happiness; but now of sorrow and discontent—a paradise turned into woe and wretchedness.

Manolia's parents knew not what to do when they missed their idol daughter, the morning after she left. The note which Manolia had written, the mother found upon her table, giving no clue as to the direction she and Oothlacoochy meant to take; which forestalled all hopes of the father's intercepting them; and thus the idolatrous parents had to abide with folded arms the issue of coming events. Who can measure, excepting the fond parents, the angel smiles of an affectionate, caressing daughter, the touch of whose soft hands to the aching temples, and musical tones of sympathetic endearments, are more than all the "concord of sweet sounds," and would soften down the asperities of the god of battles, his stern cohorts; the silent tongues of Calypsa and her nymphs, would be attuned to strains of music divine. Of such a cherished blessing, were the parents deprived; a sacrilegious robbery, thought the father, for which there is no reparation this side of Heaven.

Oothlacoochy had mentioned to the father the meeting between his daughter and the young stranger; and now his supposition was, that the old Indian had betrayed them, and probably had been bribed to induce Manolia to forsake her home and parents, to again meet the adventurous stranger; and he did not know what an attractive young man might effect upon the artless, unsuspecting affections of a young girl—probably extract from her a promise to quit the home of her childhood and her parents forever. This agonizing suspense, which Manolia's absence created in the bosoms of her bereaved parents, was kept up until the fourth night. Oothlacoochy arrived at their door—all was silence; he supposed the vale had been deserted. The two old Spanish hounds, Turk and Sledge, met him not, nor gave tongue at his approach, which he recollected never to have happened before; he entered the porch, his footsteps arrested the attention of all within, parents and dogs drowning each other's salutations. The mother met him:

“Oh! where is my daughter—not with you?”

The poor afflicted mother fell, as if a dagger had been driven to her heart; for many days she remained insensible to passing events—grief had dethroned reason, and suspended vitality. Reader, let me assure you, this is not a sketch of fancy's pen, but an occurrence of reality; and a recollec-

tion of the facts reopens the founts which the scene occasioned.

Oothlacoochy's remonstrances and assurances, that Manolia was well and safe, with her cousin Iolia at her uncle's house, was unheeded by the mother; until, after many days, the fountains of grief had run off their excessive overflowings.

It would be well to mention here, that Oothlacoochy was not indifferent as to the anxiety Manolia's absence would create in the hearts of her parents, and this is what caused him to leave Jerome Neopold's so unceremoniously, in the night after he was conducted to his room. The indomitable spirit of the savage had engaged his whole soul, which entirely banished sleep from his contemplation, and he stealthily left the house so soon as all became silent, and untiringly made his long day's march up the river. It may appear incredible, but no horse can travel as far in a day as an Indian. The question might here arise, how he got into the hidden vale on his return—the rope ladder taken away from the Eagle's nest, the canoe gone?

Soon after he conducted the Neopold family into the vale, he contrived to construct a foot-way over a deep chasm, where Rockcliff mountain juts up to the Tallulah river, just below the valley; the rock here opened into a vast impassable fissure, across which he contrived to extend two

large chestnut timbers side by side, up to which one could, with great difficulty, attended with danger, climb up the steep rock from the valley, by holding on to the small fissures and cracks in the sides of the perpendicular—in one instance, the foot had to rest on a sloped projection not wider than two fingers, and one could at very great hazard descend into the valley. Over this frightful pass, the author has been conducted by one of the characters alluded to in our book, but not without very great emotions, for one false step, and the shores of eternity would be our landing place.

When Oothlacoochy told the father of all the influences which operated upon him—relating all the history of Manolia's interview with Rossius; and then the fact being revealed, that Rossius proved to be his much beloved brother's son; the brilliant little boy he well remembered, and that his daughter was with her cousin Iolia, whom he also recollected as a "fac simile" of his own beloved Manolia, he became reconciled to the singular dispensation which had caused so much grief, almost proving fatal to the mother. Rossius' disappearance the Indian had heard no account of, for having remained so short a time after arriving with Manolia, no allusion was made of the youth, and of course he could give no account of him, but supposed he had reached his father's long

since—and took Cassanio, whom he saw, to be Rossius—and it was better so than otherwise; for if he had related to the father his knowledge of Rossius, the uneasiness of the family would very naturally have been increased—for the supposition would have been, that he had probably fallen from the dangerous cliffs and been lost, as was the inference of old Gray-beard, the hunter, whom Julius first interrogated about Rossius.

After the excitement and apprehensions concerning the mother had been allayed, Neopold said to Oothlacoochy :

“For the first time since I have known thee, I was led to suspect thy integrity and faithfulness; you know, Oothlacoochy, that we suspicioned your having been bribed by the stranger you saw upon the rocks, and that a scheme was plotted to rob us of our only solace and jewelled hope of earthly happiness, and that all the fruition our cherished hopes promised to the evening of our earthly pilgrimage was gone, vanished forever; but thy return has dispelled the gloom, and I feel there may yet be a return of day after the watches of this gloomy night shall have been passed.”

To which Oothlacoochy replied :

“Thou hast been so long with Oothlacoochy and not yet learned to estimate the red man’s Bible? We are taught to know not, what toil is,

nor hunger, nor suffering, when duty or gratitude makes a call—until I met with thee, and I take thy brother to be made of the same stuff, I had supposed that all of the pale-faces were Christians, claiming but one Bible, which they preach and talk a great deal about, but all I ever could gather, means nothing more or less, than gain all you can, and take care never to be cheated. The sin lies only in the detection—ever innocent until branded or cropped, and then scouted at as dogs, by those even who are ten-fold worse, but more cunning. If one of thy boys but steals a tame fox, and rather than be detected, he secures it under his bosom, and suffers his bowels to be torn out, rather than be branded with the infamy—and in this constitutes your bravery. After all this, your people write and talk a great deal about Indian chicanery, Indian duplicity. Your arts practiced for selfish purposes; ours for our glorious inheritance, the defence of our rights—we never stop to count cost—you never stop to count anything else. Thy daughter's happiness has never been priced by Oothlacoochy; pale-face has a price for everything excepting their own lives; ours, we sell for the most they will fetch—Manolia's is the price of Oothlacoochy's."

"Oothlacoochy," says Neopold, "you must go out and employ men to come and assist you in cutting down a safe way into our valley; I intend

soon to have my brother to come and dwell among us."

We have now done with old Oothlacoochy, the last of the Cherokees, and his faithfulness proves what staunch auxiliaries that people would have made, if we only had dealt justly by them. Poor old Indian! he yet lingers amidst Terrora's wilds, the nearest tenant to his brother's grave.\*

\* Oothcalaga, the brother of Oothlacoochy, was shot by a white man, whose grave the author has visited, and with his own hands, hunted out a rock, and added it as a head-stone to the mausoleum—and while standing but a short distance from the grave, on the look-out for a deer, we were attracted by an object in a thicket. I cried out, "come up!" Instantly an Indian ushered forth, with his rifle and wolfish dog close his heels. I mentioned to him, that I had just visited his brother's grave, and had contributed a stone, and written on a tree, near by, to designate his resting-place. "U-ah, you have a pale face but a red man's heart." His feelings were evidently touched—his eyes filled—he dropped his head and departed.

## CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Manolia reached her uncle's house, accompanied by her cousin, Iolia, she was first conducted into her aunt's chamber, where she remained until time to dress for dinner. Her baggage had been sent for and taken from the canoe up to Iolia's chamber. She prepared, or made her toilet in the most studied manner, as some would say, (she made a laborious toilet,) though simple in every particular, her object being to appear as she did when Rossius first saw her in snow-white upon the rocks. Her modesty forbade her making any inquiries about Rossius, but she expected to meet him at dinner; yet she was not a little surprised at his not having shown himself before.

When invited to dinner, Iolia introduced her to Cassanio, merely as her brother.

Cassanio had but recently returned from college, bringing Render with him, who was also introduced.

Manolia, having never heard of Cassanio, mistook him for Rossius, the resemblance being very striking. This appeared to her as being a very cold reception, when she had every reason to expect an increased ardor—being whetted by

time and anxiety, which she thought must have been occasioned, if Rossius had been sincere in his ardent professions upon the rocks.

This disappointment was humiliating in the extreme—her pride was touched—her fond hopes blighted—her first aspirations withered in the bud.

“Ah, alas!” thought she, “that I ever should have yielded to the romantic folly of leaving my beloved, devoted parents, to have ventured abroad upon such a crusade!”

Manolia had nothing to sustain her drooping spirits, excepting the fact, that the home of Rossius, which she had sought, turned out to be that of her own dear father’s brother, and that she was with her cousin, Iolia, who treated her as a dear sister; her affections, she thought, had been wooed but to be trampled upon; she became sick at heart, and panted to be back again at her peaceful home in the lovely vale of Tallulah.

It was manifest to all, that none of the luxuries of dinner appeared to be relished by her, and that a gloom had come over “the spirit of her dreams.” This sudden transition, from the gaiety and cheerfulness which her every manner indicated on her first arrival, could not be mistook, unless occasioned by sudden indisposition.

Immediately after dinner she hurried to her cousin’s room and went to bed—so changed in

tone and spirits, as to become a matter of great solicitude with Iolia; but no interrogations, or caressing endearments, could extract the slightest intimation of the cause of her extreme sadness. Days passed, but nothing could attract her to gaiety, or even cheerfulness.

When all seemed to be lost to her, and "the sear and yellow leaf" appeared to be fastening upon the lovely Maid of the Rocks, a letter was received from Julius, informing Iolia and the family, that Rossius was found, and was homeward bound. The happiness which this intelligence created in the family—the glow of feeling manifested by the long disconsolate, affectionate sister, could not fail attracting Manolia's interest, though apparently fastened upon the rock of indifference. She laid aside the book which she was reading, and called her cousin, and begged that she might become a participant of her joys, which appeared to be so uncommonly exuberant.

"Ah! my dear cousin," replied Iolia, "our long lost Rossius, my brother, is heard from, and on the return home; and thou must pardon me for so neglecting you all day. I have thought of nothing else but rejoicing, and of mingling the tears of gratitude with those of my parents and brother Cassanio.

"Thou knowest nothing of this strange com-

mingling of tears and smiles, despondency, so quickly succeeded by hope, ever engenders; for thou hast no brother, or sister, who were ever lost to you; but I am sure thou hast too sympathetic a heart not to sufficiently appreciate our motives as to allow its excuse."

"Ah! bright star of hope," replied Manolia, "in this matter of feeling, which thou hast so accurately described, I do now, and will more fully appreciate and realize than thou thinkest thyself art capable of; for I do feel, Iolia, that thy rejoicings are more to me than to thyself. And now thou hast an explanation of what thou hast so closely interrogated me. I had thought all this time that Cassanio was thy brother Ros-sius—and thy only brother—and that he was unfaithful to his solemn pledges, which were once vowed unto thy cousin. I feel now that my buried hopes are once more revived."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER the secret mysteries which had for a time so obscured Manolia's brilliance, became revealed to Iolia, it tended to identify and cement the two congenial spirits more closely than ever—in the gray of evening, while drinking the delights of the hour and of the occasion, in the midst of the perfumed air of the garden, redolent with the exhalations of the variegated honeysuckle, cape jessamine, and a multitude of other shrubbery, rivalling each other in sweetness, with the same harmony which characterized the two loving spirits, in the love they bore to him whom they were so anxiously looking for.

This proved the eventful moment when Rossius and Julius returned to the beloved home and affectionate friends of the wandering youth. He knew not the pleasures which awaited him—the meeting of parents, sister and brother—from whom he had been so long separated—was enough to fill the measure of the highest hopes brimming for once. But when the youth rushed into the embraces of his devoted mother—and after overcoming the first gush of filial affection, he cast around and saw not his beauty Iolia—and being told that she was in the garden with Manolia—

"What!" exclaimed he, "Manolia! From whence? She of the mountain—of Tallulah's Vale?" Rossius immediately hurries off into the garden, followed by Julius. As the two friends enter the pavilion of vines, Iola rushed into her brother's arms.

"Oh! my dearest brother, how happy I am to see you once more! I oftentimes thought you were lost to me for ever! I had so many scolds for you, but I am too happy to sum them up. But here is our sweet mountain cousin; she came to fill the vacuum which thy absence occasioned."

The bliss which this unexpected meeting occasioned must be left to the reader's own imagination; for no tongue, or pen, can but fail to convey an adequate conception of the emotions of the heart when thus overwhelmed by realizing the highest hopes of earthly bliss.

"Oh, Julius," said Iolia, "thou hast laid us all under such lasting obligations on account of the love you have shown unto my brother!—thou art so welcome!"

"Cherished hope," said Rossius, taking Manolia by the hand, "if thou art my cousin in truth I must pledge thee a kiss—though thine own angelic self doth attest that thou art something to me more dear than even cousin. Ah! Manolia, my dearest, thou hast caused me so much agony, and so much happiness—for I had thought that

thou wert lost to me for ever—which came near making shipwreck of my earthly fortunes and future bliss; but the mariner's pleasure is doubly enhanced, after having narrowly escaped being engulphed in the angry billows of a tempest-tossed ocean. The offerings of pledged affection which I made thee once were too feeble; and even now I am at fault for a standard of measurement by which any just conceptions of my feelings can be rated.

Cassanio and Render, just returned from hunting, enter the garden—find Rossius and Manolia seated on one side of the summer house, and Julius and Iolia on the opposite, deeply engaged, with the cheering consolations of love lighting up every expression.

“Oh! thou lost one,” said Cassanio to his brother as he approached him, “thou hast become immortalized in the estimation of us all, from the concernment thou hast given us about thy wanderings. We are very happy though in thy return. Here's Render, whom I brought home to fill thy station.”

“How are you, Render?” says Rossius. “I am happy to have had my place so worthily filled by so respectable a substitute. This is the happiest day of my life; and I am rejoiced to have you with us to contribute to our pleasures. Render, let me introduce you to our cousin from the

mountains. She is no more or less than the mountain pheasant bird you called her, of which you all laughed at me so much about."

"I perceive," replied Render, "it is a thing of life, and not a phantom of light and vapor, as our old philosopher divined her to be. Rossius, thou art an expert trapper, to have caught the bird, when no other knew upon what food it fed, to have baited with, or I am sure thou wouldst have had many rivals, and your humble servant not the least formidable."

"Render, let's go," says Cassanio; "the tongues of this quartinian group but illy suit the hunter's taste. Our appetites call more strongly for a 'neat's tongue dried' at this moment, after fasting all day in the woods; and they only have a predilection for each other."

"My dear cousin Cassanio," replied Manolia, "thou should not measure another by thy own bushel."

"My fair cousin, retorted Cassanio, I declare if thou hadst shone forth such a radiance of sweet smiles before Rossius' advent, I might have been inspired with a taste more refined."

"I am sure, my cousin," replied Manolia, "I love thee more than if thou hadst been thy brother Rossius; and now I have found thee out to be my cousin Cassanio, I promise to love thee most intently; and as often as thy sister kisses

thee I'll promise to do the same, so that thou shalt know no difference between our love."

"I feel doubly enriched by the acquisition of another sister; and, to prove myself worthy, I'll promise to spare no diligence. Come, Render, let's to the house; they will follow on when it suits them. As Cassanio and Render retreated, he continued: "These kisses and proffered loves are too cordially tendered. A sister's kisses, indeed! are too like the inscription on the sand beach—too soon obliterated. I want a kiss that will thrill through, and for a month to come make me feel that the perfumed ruby lips are still impressed upon my own. I care not for thy sisterly kisses. I am too used to such. They are too like the gentle passing breezes, which ever and anon do kiss our cheeks, but passeth by, leaving no impression behind. I prefer one that in my dreamings doth make me feel that the soft roseate cheeks are still in contact with our own—a portable pyerean fount of joy and bliss. Talk not to this child about a sister's kisses; he hath too oft been teased by them. Such offerings are not suited to this market."

"Cassanio," says Render, "thou hast too often stolen kisses for one of thy years, or thou couldst not so describe them with such exactness. I can tell thee, old fellow, so marketable a commodity as that beauty girl has tendered thee, will prove no

dreg in any other market ; I am forcibly reminded of the parable which we do read of, about the futility of casting pearls before swine."

"Thou wilt sooner, than relished, become thyself an inmate of the habitation of the devil,\* to which thou alludest, if thou mindest not thy ways."

"You know, Cassanio, I must keep my wits whetted, for my motto is '*quisque suæ fortunæ faber.*' My ancestors bequeathed unto me neither honors nor riches ; you and I, Cassanio, in this matter, stand in different relations."

Says Cassanio : "I hold not to such cant, and would ask you, does he who claims consideration from the distinction of ancestry, hold a higher claim than his ancestors?"

"His ancestors of course," replied Render.

"Then," continued Cassanio, "you who are meritorious '*per se,*' are entitled to be ranked with the ancestors of those aristocratic inheritors of distinction, and, of course, more worthy than they."

"*Quod erat demonstrandum,*" replied Render, "the very best demonstration I've seen out of the lids of Euclid, the idea is exalting to Render, and he will take encouragement from it."

As the party in the garden rose to follow after

\* The reference is to one of Shakspeare's remarks of the Jew calling swine the habitation of the devil.

Cassanio and Render, Rossius playfully addressed himself to the company.

“And this is my fair Manolia, whom I sought, and sought in vain; and in despair I left—for I knew not where, believing that she was lost to me forever—but now meet again, wearing e’en a fresher beauty; a year’s interest, added to what I first thought inimitable; surely thy flowers have greatly multiplied, and, as much increased in fragrance and exhalation to your morning dews, which hath imparted an unusual supply of beautifying cosmetics to thy mountain toilet; you must have surely engaged thy time, and employed all of the humming birds in collecting extracts, which thou hast imported along with thee. Say, Iolia, is it not so?”

To which Manolia immediately replied:

“Thou dost sadly mistake my employ, and as to those dear pretty little birds, their own persons doth clearly prove, that no time is lost on others. I told thee once, I neither spared the pains nor reject the morning’s roseate influences; and if thy suspicions be true as to my importations, it has been thus, as I told old Oothlaecoochy of the moon, while on our voyage down the Tugalo; for she appeared more faithful to Manolia, than she to her dear parents. She appeared to be gliding down the stream all night close alongside of the exiled girl. I had trusted a change had come over ‘the

spirit of thy dreams' in the watches of thy long absence; and that thine old vocation had been renounced, but I see thou art still inclined to turn all of my credits to thine own account as formerly. I am determined to measure lances with you no longer, thou art ever robbing me of my own implements, and turning them against me."

"But ah!" replied Rossius, "there is no injustice in my practice, of thus robbing you, as you say, as all of my offerings are for thee, and I enlist under no other banner but thine, and fight no other battles but in thy defence; surely, then I am justifiable in using weapons thou hast forged."

Says Manolia: "This is not the first time I have heard of offerings. Virgil tells us, '*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*' Birds, too, do frequently have made prodigal offerings, which, unsuspecting, they receive under the fixed trap, and then their own dear selves become the forfeit."

Rossius, Julius, Render, and Cassanio in their chamber. Says Render:

"Come Rossius, tell us; in thy wanderings among the cliffs, didst thou see any more of such birds as thou had the luck to catch; if so, I will follow thy suit, and go to the mountains, and implore to become a medium of the spiritual rappers."

Says Julius: "A plenty of such as old Graybeard described, to me which would make 'no

bones' of fastening just such a rotund subject as yourself, as a supper for their cubs."

"Ah!" retorted Render, "but I will not venture forth at such an hour as they do prowls about in search of prey; and perchance I should, like Rossius, so far lose my chart, as to be overtaken by the hour, that the birds of ill-omen do venture forth, with their frightful screamings, among the cliffs of Tallulah's wilds. I'll do as Rossius did, crawl into old Bruin's saloon, and hug his shaggy highness so ardently, that I would pass myself off for one of the heirs apparent."

"Or," rejoined Rossius, "if Render should stumble upon old Oothlacoochy, the Indian chief of Terrora, and he should take you, Render, for a nuisance to this world, and a disturber of the game of his favorite haunts, and should tell you, 'young man, you are wasting your time here, you had better go home to work,' at the same time presenting the yawning mouth of his hideous old yawger, with a calibre I could thrust my thumb into, saying, 'don't you think it would take a mighty chance of blood to satisfy her cravings, old Nancy Hart herself,' he continued 'of old Elbert, was a thing of nothing to this old piece, though she shot three British soldiers with their own muskets.'"

"I would tell him," says Render, "that my

blood was filled with pestilence,\* and not fit to drink, and offer him my flask."

"And *that* in all probability," said Cassanio, "would be empty, for thou sayest that the coldness of the mountain water requires a little of the 'all joyful' mixed in, to prevent its cramping the stomach."

"Cassanio," replied Render, "thou hast fairly robbed me of my vocation. Cæsar exclaimed that 'danger knew full well, that I am more dangerous than he.' In paraphrasing the sentiment, I would reverse the order, and say that ambition knoweth full well that Cassanio is more ambitious than he; thy rich inheritance of honor and wealth doth not satisfy thee, but contendeth for a monopoly of all that is cherished by ambitious calling; but to the question, old Oothla-coochy would find me so valuable a cohort, that I would be taken into co-partnership, and my mesmerizing manipulations practiced upon some of those old seven snagged bucks Julius saw, so as to get in reach, to cut their throats. I beg pardon, Cassanio, for using the term throat, which has become so loathsome to thy chaste sensibilities."

"Thou mistakest," retorted Cassanio, "but I do

\* The Indians have a great horror of the small pox, which was never known to them until introduced among them by the whites.

loathe vulgar perversion of terms; it makes my very flesh crawl, to hear a lady substitute throat for the angelic, graceful curvatures of the swan-like neck of beauty, thy yearnings after criticism doth lead thee on, to the attack of virtue and chastity. You merely heard me remark that I preferred hearing a lady say that she wore her necklace around her neck, than to say around the throat or guzzle; for the grosser animal functions of beauty, we never like mention being made of, for it tended to lessen our appreciation of female charms and perfectibility."

Says Render: "Cassanio, thou art yet a novice in the one-half of the progressivness of the age; thou art sadly behind the times, which is just as bad as to be ahead of the age, as is said in compliment of some of our politicians;—thou art too fastidious ever to marry a fashionable girl; knowest thou not that a fashionable life enures to the development of all of the animal functions. High seasoned foods, stimulating drinks, and sometimes other indulgences, contribute to give rotundities and protuberances, anterior and posterior, which we find now, in our day, the more delicate and refined ones are attempting to rival with starch and hemp-cloth. Cassanio, let's go to the mountains, and marry some of those pure, unsophisticated mountain girls, as untainted by fashionable folly as the atmosphere which they breathe is uncontami-

nated by pestilence; the air and water they partake of, must operate intellectually and morally, as well as physically. We will settle down in some of those deep caverns, where we can hear our shaggy hounds chasing the bucks all around us, making the welkin ring like the roaring of distant mountains: as Rossius tells, that he lay one night under one of those cliffs, during a thunder storm, when the mountain over his head gave the most sublime echoings of a concatenation of sounds, startling one with the conviction, that the rocks and their deep foundations were upheaving, and being ripped up from their long repose, which had lasted until then, from the beginning of time, giving signs of woe, that all was lost. Do you know that I am never reminded of Milton, but that I think the vehicle in which he would have us ride is too high sprung for the safety and convenience of this cab-riding, railroad-moving, impatient age of ours—and that he can't have a satellite whom the critics will not stigmatize as being exceedingly bombastic, so I must be careful of my plagiarisms. I notice, whenever he is quoted, the chaste scholars put their fingers in their mouths. I do confess I had like to lost my subject—and as I was going to say, Cassanio, we will feast on venison—and do you know how the old hunters explain how it is, that the flesh of deer is more healthy than any other animal food; I can't vouch for the logic

of the argument; but they do say that the deer has no gall, and that therefore they can feed upon the ivy and all other noxious herbs, with impunity; thereby their flesh became impregnated, and those consequently who fed upon their flesh, thus constituting a peculiar idiosyncrasy, which resisted all that is deleterious in the atmosphere or in diet. This reminds of an old adage: 'the hair of the same dog cures the bite.' What think you, Cassanio?—Cassanio! Rossius! Julius!—by the eternals, all asleep, and my loquacity but an elegy to their slumberings. Thus it is with the world, mindful of nothing but our follies, all punishments and no rewards—blast the reflection, it blights one's ambition; it is pretty much as the fellow said when asked for a contribution for Clay's monument: 'He got what he wanted, and was paid well, all but the Presidency, and if he had got that, he would have been well paid, and content to boot.' 'We want but little here below, nor want that little long.' " Sleeps.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

AND now, while seated upon a rock, surrounded by the foaming waters of Tugalo, writing upon the stock of our favorite rifle and shot-barrelled gun, made for us by the distinguished smith, Rogers, of Augusta, in wait to meet the pursued buck, when he makes his plunge into the boiling surges, no less mad than he, whose pure and limpid waters we have but recently made turbid by the blood, from the deadly shot inflicted upon an antlered stag, having plunged into the stream to arrest his being swept off by the rapid current.

Manolia, who had spent her life amid the rocks and cliffs, and dashing surges of the wild Tallulah, began to grow weary of her absence, and longed to return again to the bosom of her fond parents, whose anxiety too, had grown almost insupportable—and all necessary arrangements being made, they hastened to comply with the invitation.

But it seems to us not inappropriate, to-day, while in wait for the pursued buck, again surrounded by the enchanting melodies of Tugalo's rapids, my gun across my lap, serving as a desk, to add in a little incident of my own life's history,

by way of amusement to those of our readers who are fond of the chase. Since throttling the old buck, which I have but recently made mention of in the beginning of this chapter, I had suspended writing for many days, and have had the most exciting chase of my experience, and since I have been so gratified with my day's amusement, I must tell it; for in the first place, it is so fully demonstrated, that my dogs and gun were of the very best mettle that ever played at the claret founts of noble game, or made music and melody for the ear of majesty. I well know the reader will here sarcastically exclaim, that every huntsman's dogs, like every jockey's horse, are always the very best in the world.

Cleveland reported to me, that I was mistaken in having supposed that I had killed the notoriously majestic old Rockcliff buck, whose sagacity and prowess had eluded dogs and hunters for so many seasons, and that he had found out his lair, and no mistake. The next morning we set out with our pack of dogs, mostly of the shaggy Spanish breed of hounds, (the best in the world.) Immediately after turning the summit of Bull Sluice Mountain, on the south side, one of my old roughs gave tongue instantly, little rough spike, hurrying in, rearing up to smell the bushes higher than he could reach, then all, with maddened yells of revenge, joined in, making the old mountain

and its deep caverns resound in echoings, harmonizing with the constant roar of Tugalo's rapids, calculated to awaken the conviction in the poet, that the naiads had assembled in conclave with all of their concord of sweet sounds, to do homage to the pure, living founts of this country, so unrivalled.

"Ah!" says Cleveland, "I know them signs—I can't be fooled; the bristled rage of Fuzzy Guzzy, Clincher, Spunk, True Blue, and old Fidler, shows that they know him to be noble game; see, too, how wide awake old Trim, Blanche, and Dash, all appear to be. No other buck left in these mountains leaves his trail so high up on the bushes; the proper game, and no mistake. Their mettle is up, and they will have the old customer up and a going before you are aware. Take down the ridge that leads to the seven islands, to the old turkey-pen stand—look well to your firelocks, and when you hear him, and see him coming, mind, mate, don't let his big horns throw you off of your guard, but look well to your fore and hind sights; act out your part in the drama, as well as I know them dogs will, and this will be the last scene acted in the tragedy of his life's performance. Now don't grow uneasy if he shouldn't make to the river through your stand, and takes a tack away by the round-top stump, (for I see every dog is full of thunder and ven-

geance,) they will never stop short of putting him into the Tugalo three times, and by then he will never undertake to climb one of these mountains; he will then try Bull Sluice, and make for the seven islands; but you must meet him above the Sluice, and settle the dispute before he reaches those everlasting islands." Before I reached my stand he was uncovered—away they put off at a killing pace towards Panther Creek. I just could hear the long, loud, perplexed yellings of the dogs, as if at fault. What does all that mean? thought I—it surely can't be the old buck the dogs are after; for if he, the dogs can run full speed fifty yards off of his track. Presently I heard the hounds coming, "with vengeance in their teeth," (as the hunter said,) as their tongues denoted, right on their back track towards where they had jumped him.

"I believe the dogs have been cheated, and the old rascal has substituted a fawn to act out the to-day's performance," sang out Cleveland.

"Never," replied I; "first heat too long"—(a moment's pause.)—Cleveland listening high above me, at the old Pine Station heights.

"You are right; they are crossing over the mountain and going above. The old fellow has smelt danger in the air. They will make right for the bloody gap, down woods, Thompson's Ridge, over the turnpike, and round the lower



The Buck Hunt.

JAN. 1851. S.C.



point of Rockcliff, and in at Battle Creek Island. You can't get down on the river above Bull Sluice too soon; for the way the dogs are licking it into him now is the right way. I wouldn't be surprised if he never quits the river after he takes it the first time."

Sure enough—as Cleveland predicted—the old veteran was brought to his low, short jumps, head and tail down, by the time he reached the river; and he thought "prudence was the better part of valor;" so rather than undertake the difficult ascent of the Picken's Mountain on the Carolina side, he took down in the river; and as soon as I reached the point on the river which Cleveland had designated, I saw the buck swimming down—his head and antlers lifted high above the water, tossing to the right and left, nostrils distended—in fact, every sense on the "qui vive" for danger. I planted myself on the water's edge. He was descending close under the opposite shore; and just above the opposite point from where I stood a ledge of rocks made into the stream, upon which he majestically walked, looking around, as if surveying the chances of escape—and, poor old veteran, he had run his race—at the crack of my rifle he bounded off of the rocks into the water.

"The work is done. You gave him a lofty fall," cried a voice in my rear, on the side of the

mountain. "You have broke his neck: I see the flow of blood from where your bullet entered. After all, he is bound to go through Bull Sluice, as I said, for he is fairly in the suck."

We hurried below the rapid, and, as conjectured, the counter current brought him around the Giant's Arm Chair, and he was drawn by his branching horns upon the rock, thereby demonstrating the truthfulness of old Graybeard's warning to Julius.

This was a day worthy of commemoration, from the majesty of the game, trophy of horns, the long, hard run race over steeps and rocks, the melody of the hounds resounding among depths and high places—each one earning glory sufficient, in their struggling which shall be foremost in the chase—and at the closing scene I beheld every dog swimming the rapid current, contending with ambitious spirits who shall be foremost to taste his blood, and complete the triumph.

"Well," says Cleveland, "he is a proper buck. "I am sorry for you, old fellow, and I wish now I could fetch you to life; for it will take five years to make the best buck left in these mountains as good as he."

And thus it is with our every struggle in life. The anticipated pleasures upon the consummation of our aspirations are never realized; and whenever one object is attained, our yearnings go forth

in search of other fields of sunshine and pleasures to bask in. Soon after commencing the ascent of the mountain from the river on the return home, the threatening, boiling black clouds, and the constant mutterings of heaven's artillery, denoted the speedy approach of one of those appalling storms, which the reverberation amidst these chasms and cliffs ever magnify into the most sublime and terrific phenomena. Very soon I began to realize a demonstration of the flashes and quick reports. The windows and doors of heaven seemed to have been shook open upon their grating hinges, and all earth shook. Never before had I been able to fully appreciate the mountain torrents which we do read of. They came hurling down on every hand, threatening an overwhelmment of every impediment. I began to cast about for a point of safety, and took shelter under an oak upon a rock upon a sharp knoll, the temporary cataracts descending with wild fury on either hand down to the swelling river. "The noise and confusion" which so deafened my ears, could but excite my apprehensions of the exhibitions of one of those alarming phenomena which have been described and their ravages marked out to me by the old mountaineers of this singularly interesting country.

We have all read and heard of the alarm created in the mariner's apprehensions upon the appearance of a water spout at sea. These mountain

spouts, as they are termed, are no less to be dreaded. I am told they occasionally occur after long wet spells, and then a heavy fall of rain, such as I have described. Two opinions are entertained as to their cause. Some with whom I have conversed, believe, that the mountains become so saturated, and their cavities so filled with water, and then a great fall of rain, causes a bursting out of the water on the side of the mountain in a sluice, irresistible, tearing up trees and rocks, and hurling them down the steep with desolating fury, excavating a most frightful yawning chasm. Others suppose that from the whirling of the atmosphere the heavily charged clouds are concentrated into a volume of water, and that the momentum of this volume does the mischief. Which of these theories is the most potent is left to conjecture and future development.

These, my readers, are some of the majestic sublimities amid which we mountaineers are continually exposed; and, if we had the graphic pen of some who have written to enlighten the world, we would gain for ourselves immortal fame. After the vehemence of the storm began to abate, I recommenced the difficult ascent; and upon reaching the summit, smiling contentment and the repose of a slumbering babe seemed to reign over the wide expanse of mczzotinted peaks, as if no rage had ever been awakened in their midst.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE pleasures of the ecstasy of mournful joy we all can appreciate if *we* have never been overwhelmed by its majesty.

Woman's tears have never failed to elicit a gushing forth of the fountains of the most obdurate heart. We have described the mother's grief at the disappointment of a daughter's return. On that occasion the excess of burning grief dammed up the fountains, and the safety valves refused to give vent to the impulses of nature; and, according to the fixed principles of philosophy, some of the machinery must give way: consequently, "reason became dethroned," and Manolia's mother never was restored to her wonted temperament and sociality until now we witness her bathing her child in affection's tears. After a long pause, which the solemnity of the scene imposed—for none but were too much affected to give utterance to a sentiment—finally Manolia broke the silence that had reigned by exclaiming: "My dearest mother, thy tears are my greatest consolation; they do reveal to me thy daughter's forgiveness. Oh! I have acted so unworthily of my fond, dear parents, and I am so grieved that I

have ever caused thy grief! May future enjoyments ever swallow them up in the oblivious past! My father, too, (embracing him,) thy loving kindness in the morning of my existence renders remembrances of the past too dear to wish that all the past should be buried in gloomy night—but nothing else than your wayward daughter's remissness! Forgive! forgive! And let these kind, dear friends, by whom we are surrounded, become your daughter's advocate, and contribute with her to stay the sorrows of 'discontented winter' unto the close of life. How many sleepless nights your Manolia has passed to return again to our sleepless, happy vale—where, as old Oothlacoochy says, the morn ever lingereth; for the eve is shut out for ever by the western mountains!"

"The old Indian's philosophy, my dear child," replied the father, "doth teach us an instructive lesson; not to contemplate the evening with sorrow and discontent, but as the harbinger of a glorious coming day, and at the close, my darling child, the undying effulgence of the sun of God will soften all the discontents of winter into a glorious summer; could all of the profane energies of Shakspeare be thus paraphrased, the interdict of the moralist might never be enforced." Continued Neopold: "Lost and found, this is its illustration; and also, that of 'night and morning,

in the night time of our existence, the morn of happiness ushers in. My brother, (addressing himself to Iolia's father,) this is seemingly a joyous meeting; if adversity never crossed our path, happiness would never be so complete. After a troublous voyage, the calm is the more delightful. Thou art so surrounded by peace and pleasure, that these commotions, which so unhingeth the man, appeareth strange; but a brother's love is not necessarily over-shadowed by the exuberance of a father's love for a darling child."

To which the brother replied, at the same time presenting his daughter Iolia to her uncle.

"This is Iolia, and, as agreed, but the 'fac simile' of thy daughter Manolia; and she will serve to reveal to you, that we are not without a standard, by which to measure your feelings, and to enable us to fully appreciate this interesting meeting; and the occasion is thy apology to all here present, for we are not likely to affiliate with others, whose sensibilities are not attuned to harmonious vibrations with our own."

"My dearest uncle," replied Iolia, "my memory beareth no testimony that I have ever seen thee until now; but the kind look, and resemblance so like my father, denotes to me, that I should have been drawn to thee, as my sister cousin and I were at the time of our first meeting on the river's

shore. Manolia loved me then, better than ever another loved her sister; for she mistook me for her own dear self, and I have been ambitious to emulate her in every impulse. And now let me entreat you, if thou hast any experience of the suffering occasioned by a separation from those we devoutly love, thou wilt not consent to my and my cousin's separation." (She continued.) "Rossius my brother, and Julius, his chum while in college, have both volunteered to favor our motives, not having thee at hand to consult; but we well knew that thou wast not so unlike thy own brother, as to do otherwise, than what would most contribute to thine own daughter; whose love for thee I do continually find fault of, that it doth impede at times her love for me, for I love her so well, that I am ever jealous of hers." Iolia here manifested confusion, and to get out of the dilemma which her anxiety had entangled her, she continued: "But I didn't mean to imply exactly what I did, rather by both being always together, you will have both of us instead of one to love you, and we will be a mutual stimulus to each other, to make thee happier than thou ever wast."

"Oh! papa," said Manolia, "my cousin has no intent, that I should not return with thee to our blue mountain home; for really, I do believe I

have got her to entertain the love for them, and our lovely valley, that so overwhelms me whenever my thoughts turn that way." Continued Manolia—

"O! I long to roam on the mountain brow,  
Once more my life to thy comforts bestow;  
And gaze abroad upon the vast blue summits,  
Stretching away far beyond all limits;  
And watch the soarings of the eagle's flight,  
Far, far above, the tallest mountain's height;  
To listen to the torrent's tempestuous roar,  
Of more dulcet strains than the ocean's shore,  
And while life last, thy forgiveness invoke,  
Dearest parents, ne'er again thee provoke."



## CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE are three commemorative events in our life's history, it has been said; birth, marriage, and death; and of these three, the second probably, is of the most absorbing interest, with the refined, sensitive young female; for upon its judicious deliberations, hangs all the issues of life; and, admitting us to be free agents, extrinsic causes must necessarily operate with great potency upon our moral persuasions; hence future destiny becomes deeply involved.

Sensible of these truths, the parents of both Manolia and Iolia, though apparently overflowing with joy and mutual congratulations, were not without a tincture of alloy upon the near approach of the crowning scenes, which were to fix the destiny of Georgia's most brilliant jewels.

The day appointed at length dawned, with all its autumnal effulgence. All creation appeared to be o'ercast with pleasurable delight. The forest canopied over with gorgeous colorings of its foliage, vieing with the richest Turkish tapestry. The tramping of richly caparisoned horses, and glitter of polished equipage, crowded with smiling intellects, with the richest paraphernalia; music, too, that would have silenced Orpheus. The windows and casements darkened with vines and evergreen, hanging with the clustering purple, and the gilded fruits of Hesperides; shutting out from the banquet the light of day, converting thereby day into night, for the solemn occasion; so that chandeliers and branched candle-sticks, with their many colored waxen tapers, were brought into requisition. And among the boughs, hanging with exotic fruits, to complete the delusion that we were transported to Elysian fields, were perched the many colored equatorial birds, with their warbling melodies, all tended to impress every one that the scene was inimitable; but when

the fair heroines, in their simple white, were ushered in, these things of every clime and of the rarest art, were as suddenly eclipsed as the comet's train is by the sun of light.

Rossius and Julius were now to be blest with the richest behest that moral and intellectual worth has claims to; and may the fearful apprehension of the honored parents be forever sanctified, into a glorious recollection.

The conviviality of the occasion was well adapted to one of Render's impulses. "Richard is again himself in the field," remarked Cassanio, as Render passed him,—to which Render graciously bowing, with uplifted hands, replied:

"Othello's occupation is gone. How is it, Cassanio? we hear nothing from you as touching thy favorite theme, *politics*."

To which Cassanio replied, "I care not a groat, either for whig weakness or democratic duplicity."

Render, turning off, remarked "The youth art under serious conviction; the little bright star of the Palmetto banner, Miss Kitty Jones, will yet convince him, that nullification, if not the rightful remedy, an all-efficient one, she certainly has it in her power to make him feel the force of the doctrine."

To which Cassanio replied, "I heard nothing of your remark, excepting nullification, thy ever-

lasting theme, if thou meanest to imply that I am one 'per se,' it's preferable, young man, than to be as thou art, not only one yourself, but astride of so many hobbies—Southern Rights, Democratic Van Buren Union, Compromise, Nashville Convention, Secessionist, Thirty-six thirty or fight; though unconstitutional, yet being a strict constructionist, too overflowing with all sorts of patriotism to ever attain thy ambitious call. I would advise thee, if thou wouldst reach the goal thou hast marked out, to mount the old courser, the Whig Republican, and if thou hast the heels, and the head to direct, the stakes will be thine."

Render, turning off—"I'll let him alone for a while, he hasn't yet lost his entire reason."

Joy, content, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," characterized the nuptial festival of Rossius and Manolia, and Julius and Iolia; and not many days after, the Neopold family were together in Tallulah vale.

And here ends our tale—the halcyon days of all restored, with interest; and thus is the moral of our book; paradise lost is again found.

FINIS.







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